ICE $1.25

OCTOBER 17, 1980

HOW SHOULD AMERICAN JEWS VOTE?
Jacob Neusner

NATIONAL REVIEW

Fleet Street on Reagan
ANTHONY LEJEUNE

M SMTH020E-0020 0021
MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

Korea's Protracted Conflict
THIRTY YEARS LATER
LINDA BRIDGES

The Hilarious Badness of Playboy
RICHARD BROOKHISER

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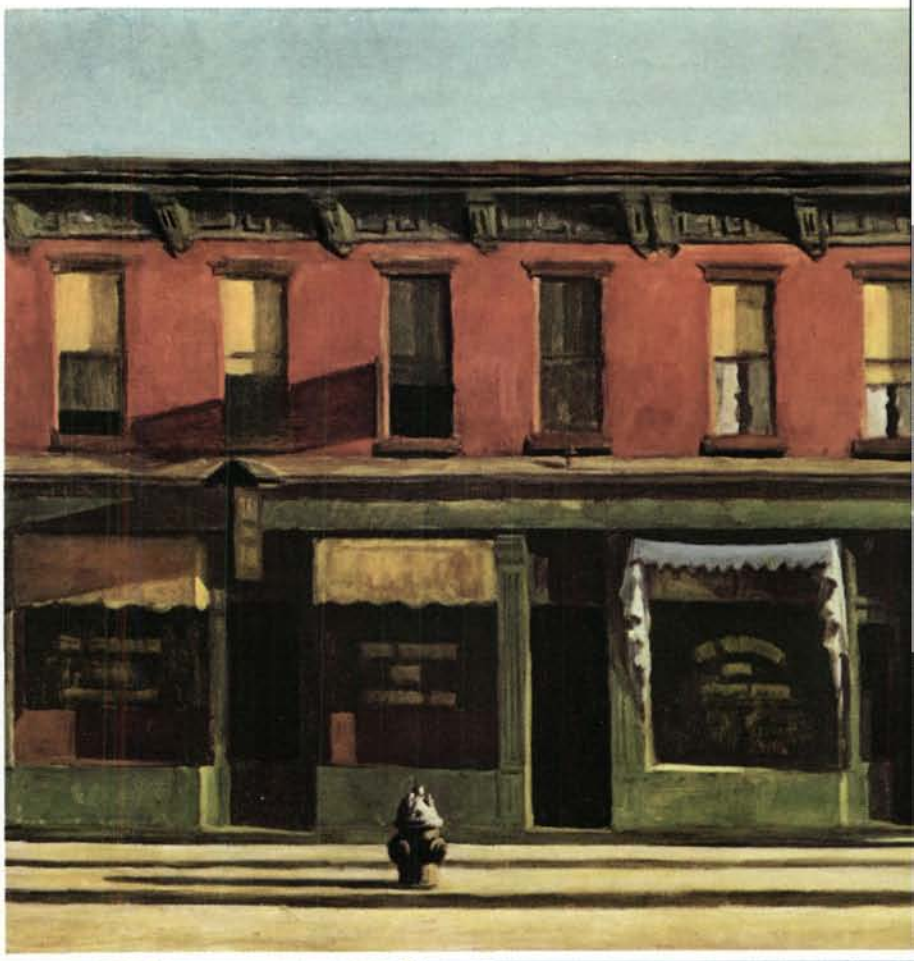
So ordinary, so



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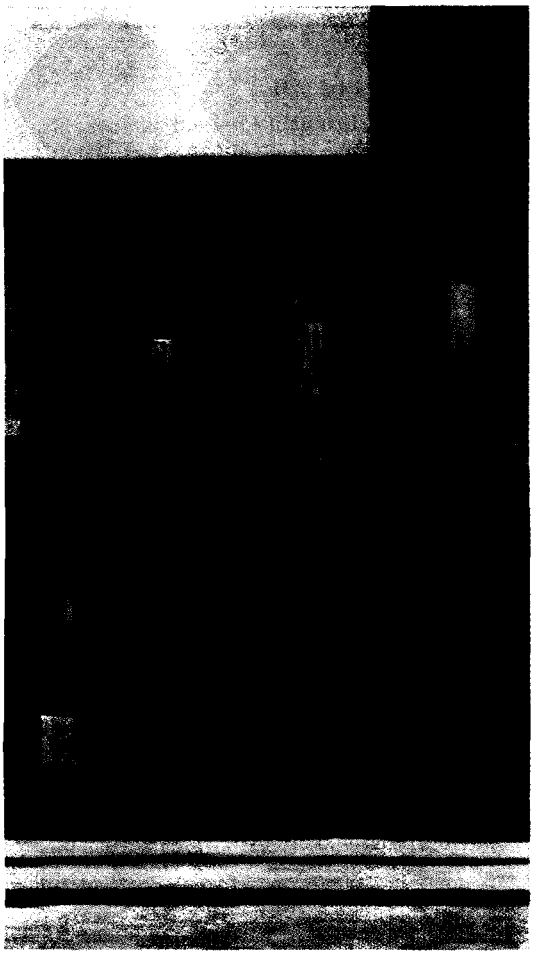
extraordinary.



These are the works of a man who looked at the ordinary and saw the extraordinary. They are part of a marvelous and moving exhibition, "Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist," which opens on September 23rd at the Whitney Museum of American Art to celebrate its 50th anniversary.

He was the poet of the commonplace, of empty streets and gas stations, hotel rooms and restaurants. He loved the bare bones of things because they let the silences speak; and he loved doors and windows because they could let life and light in—or seal us off. He taught us, above all, that every fleeting moment, however ordinary, was charged with extraordinary meaning, pregnant with possibility.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we hope you'll see it at the Whitney or one of the other museums listed below. In our business, as in yours, we need to be reminded that the material of greatness is all around us if we have the courage to strip it bare and see its meaning. And that all we need is individual imagination, individual creativeness, individual innovativeness. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of these things is not patronage—it's a business and human necessity.

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"Edward Hopper: The Art and the Artist" appears at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, NY September 23, 1980 to January 18, 1981; Hayward Gallery, London, England February 11 to March 29, 1981; Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, The Netherlands April 22 to June 17, 1981; Städtische Kunsthalle, Düsseldorf, Germany July 10 to September 6, 1981; The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL October 3 to November 29, 1981; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, CA December 16, 1981 to February 14, 1982. This exhibition is sponsored by Philip Morris Incorporated and the National Endowment for the Arts.

(top left) NIGHTHAWKS (detail). 1942. The Art Institute of Chicago; Friends of American Art. (bottom left) ROOMS BY THE SEA. 1951. Yale University Art Gallery, Bequest of Stephen Carlton Clark, B.A. 1903. (top right) EARLY SUNDAY MORNING. 1930 Whitney Museum of American Art. Purchase. 1931 (bottom right) FOUR LANE ROAD, 1952 Private collection

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
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NATIONAL REVIEW

OCTOBER 17, 1980
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Articles & Columns

1246 Colonial America
Our national leadership, pro tem, continues to misstate the problem, with the inevitable effect on the search for a solution. *Neal B. Freeman*

1248 Moscow's Imperial Burden
Afghanistan is a problem for the Soviets. We could have made it a bigger one. *Brian Crozier*

1250 How Should American Jews Vote?
We hear a lot about the Jewish vote, most of it based on the assumption that it all hinges on Israel. It doesn't—and shouldn't. Jews, argues the author, have deeper concerns, which parallel those of other Americans. Most of them have to do with private life in their own communities, and any discussion of the Jewish vote should begin with that fact. *Jacob Neusner*

1254 Fleet Street on Reagan
Almost as one, the British pundits have begun their campaign coverage by assuming that Reagan is an extremist. *Anthony Lejeune*

1257 The Hilarious Badness of Playboy
If prudery takes sex out of life, pornography takes life out of sex. Are you listening, Harvard? *Richard Brookhiser*

1262 What Makes the Poles Different?
The Poles have always been divided and aristocratic. What more could you ask? *Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

1264 Korea's Protracted Conflict
Thirty years after the war began, it hasn't really ended. Living at the cannon's mouth, the South Koreans can't afford the delusions of the rest of the freeish world. The author, just returned from Korea, reports her impressions of this remarkable country, whose condition is at once prosperous and precarious, and whose people are as tough as they are gracious. *Linda Bridges*

1268 The Loneliest Battle of All
Many of our elderly, to qualify for old-age benefits, have to leave home and enter "homes." A senator protests. *Orrin G. Hatch*

1270 Prayer Education
Sex in the schools, but not prayer? This can be corrected without breaching the wall of separation. *Michael Novak*

1271 Trouble for the NEA
The NEA's resources—compulsory dues, for instance, consecrated to Jimmy Carter's re-election—may backfire. Especially if Carter isn't re-elected. *Russell Kirk*

Books Arts & Manners

1272 **Hugh Kenner** applauds John Simon's vindication of good English, *Paradigms Lost*. He enters only one demurral. . . . **Selden Rodman** looks at Anne Morrow Lindbergh's letters and diaries, and pauses to recall the Lindy he knew. . . . **Arnold Beichman** roasts the only trendy pro-Soviet activist in Washington. . . . Has *The New Republic* improved? **Joseph Sobran** certainly thinks so. . . . **John Simon** finds his faith in movies restored—by the Australian *Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*. . . . **D. Keith Mano** wishes a young actress well, against all odds.

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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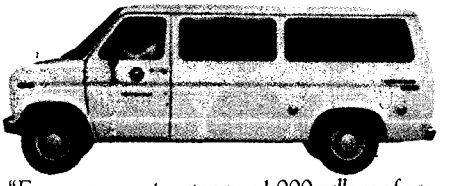

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The Promises of Porno

David Brudnoy ["Comstock Lives," Oct. 3] seems to think it's silly to oppose pornography, which is his right. But he doesn't confront the fact that pornography has been accompanied by increased child abuse and dominated by organized crime. Besides, he talks as if trying to suppress it inevitably boomerangs. That is hard to believe, since by the same token legalization should have decreased the amount of pornography, which it hasn't. Mr. Brudnoy is doing some wishful thinking. Luckily for him, if not for the rest of us, his wishes seem to be coming true.

A. J. Clinton
Malibu, Calif.

Down (and Up) with Donahue

Re "Acute Philophilia" [July 25]: Bravo, Joseph Sobran! We need more of your kind to expose the tortured consciences of the moral idiots among us. You carry a big stick and use it well.

Speaking from the Left, Carlos Fuentes has observed that "It isn't that the promises of the Enlightenment haven't been realized. It's that they *have*; and we don't like it!"

Donahue remains a perfect example as to why we shouldn't.

Stephen C. Settle
Greensboro, N.C.

Phil Donahue will no doubt be delighted that he was panned in NATIONAL REVIEW. Joseph Sobran was as peevish as a schoolboy sitting in the cafeteria moaning: "What do all the girls see in him?" Sobran's Catholic yardstick never comes close to measuring what is important about Phil Donahue's talk show.

Before *Donahue*, what TV fare was served to women? Dreary soap operas, inane game shows, or *Laverne and Shirley*. Entertaining to some, but hardly stimulating. Phil Donahue may dredge up some strange characters, but he is never boring.

Men listen in, but his show is for women, without condescension or compromise. He treats each woman in his audience as a lady; at the same time he demands that a woman use the brain she has. If she is responding with elementary-school theology she will be challenged. His earnest tone appeals to women, because, unlike men, women do not discuss the problems and issues of today in a detached and unemotional manner.

Even for the most creative of homemakers, days of child-rearing and housekeeping can be filled with routine—and even regression of vocabulary. Disagreeing with *Donahue* helps keep a brain from going dormant.

Linda H. Bassert
APO, New York

Christians and the Holocaust

The question "Were Christians responsible for the Holocaust?" was answered in the negative by Mr. Michael Schwartz [Aug. 8]. It was answered with anger, conviction, and a passionate sense of injustice. Yet it was the wrong answer to the wrong question; and it was occasionally at odds with logic and facts.

To deal with the lesser issues: Mr. Schwartz cannot claim on the one side that Christians were loyal to the Church and that it was only extreme pressure by the Nazis which made some of them choose the "agnostic option"—and then cite the number of agnostics as proof of Christian non-participation. Also, it must be pointed out that the Pinchas Lapide quote on the large number of Jews saved by the Vatican reflects Lapide's warm feelings toward the Christian community. It is a generous interpretation and not a hard fact. What Frank Littell and other scholars are saying is that Christian faith did not stand firmly against Hitler in a time which tested Christian leaders and their flocks. The great Christians who stood up and were counted illuminate the failure of the majority. The many Christians who died in the camps looked in vain for help from their co-religionists. Apathy and fear were endemic in a world which called itself Christian.

But it is the wrong question. Who was responsible? Somebody was. Gypsies, dissidents, minority groups, resistance fighters from occupied countries, and six million Jews were murdered. The Nazis committed genocide in a manner which was new but which was quickly learned by the world of today. In that world, where responsibility is so easily ignored, we cannot afford to lose the moral leadership of the Church and the Synagogue. Ignorance of the past, of the flaws of one's own institutions of faith, is an abdication of that role. Our internal critics are rare enough; rather than persecuting them, we must learn from them. And we must not let the Holocaust become a public-relations issue. Who was guilty? The murderers know. And we know. And we, Christians and Jews together, must continue to fight against the fall of night.

Albert H. Friedlander
The Leo Baeck College
London, England

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Perhaps a corroboration of Michael Schwartz's article "The Holocaust: Are Christians Responsible?" from personal experience may be welcome.

At the close of the Second World War I was serving as Assistant Division Chaplain with the 1st Infantry Division at Ansbach. On August 27, 1945, in addition to my other duties, I was assigned as Protestant Chaplain to the German prisoners then being held for trial in the Palace of Justice at Nuremberg. Because of redeployment to the U.S. I served in that capacity only for two weeks, but in that time I spoke to nine Protestant prisoners, a few more than once. The generally known names among them were Wilhelm Frick, leader of the Nazi Party and Minister of the Interior; Hermann Goering, Commander-in-Chief of the Luftwaffe; Wilhelm Keitel, Chief of Staff of the German Army; and Joachim von Ribbentrop.

The interview I had with Hermann Goering on August 30 is quite characteristic. I told all of the men that I was there not to discuss their coming trial before the Allied Court, but to discuss another trial they would be facing, along with everyone else, before a Judge Who was incorruptible and all-knowing and before Whom each one of us would have to plead guilty. To this Hermann Goering replied that he believed in God, but God was so infinitely great that He could not be concerned about Hermann Goering, who was a microscopic speck on the dust-speck in the universe which we call the earth.

To most of the men whom I interviewed, church membership was a mere form. General Keitel told me that when he returned to his home church he attended services, for he felt that he should recognize God in this way, much as one would recognize a superior officer by saluting him. The only one who expressed regret that he had formally left the church was Joachim von Ribbentrop.

It is difficult for us Americans to understand the relationship of the individual in Europe to the Christian churches there. In Europe, church membership is looked upon as a symbol of membership in decent society. But that membership imposes no obligation upon the individual except to pay the church-tax. As a result, the doctrine and moral teaching of the church has very little influence upon the individual, except for those who actually attend services. Since less than 5 per cent of the officially enrolled members of a church attend services with any degree of regularity, it is a grave mistake to hold the church responsible for the moral behavior of its enrolled members.

Walter C. Daib
Woodside, N.Y.

Amen and bouquets to Michael Schwartz for the long-overdue "The Holocaust: Are

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Christians Responsible?" However, I offer a small but relevant correction.

In commenting on the spareness of Roman Catholic representation among Hitler's *Totenkopfsverbande*, Schwartz cites the German Catholic population at the time as 45 per cent of the total. According to the 1933 count, which appears to have been the last religious count in Germany until after the war, Catholics numbered 32.5 per cent. (In the same 1933 census, Protestants and Jews numbered 62.7 and 0.7 per cent, respectively.)

Apparently, Mr. Schwartz was thinking of today's *West* Germany, which is indeed over two-fifths Roman Catholic.

George C. Kennedy Jr.
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Case Closed?

I admired Linda Bridges's article "Trial by Jury" [June 13]. The writing was simple and lucid; the narrative was interesting; the points valid—and she covered practically all of them. In her last column, she mentioned the burden of proof. The burden of the prosecution is far heavier; it is to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and that is as it should be.

The greatest fault in our system is in the multiplicity of appellate procedures, including writs and resort to the federal courts. I am a radical on this subject. All jury cases, I believe, should be tried by three judges with no appeal except on constitutional questions, and these should be re-defined.

Laurence W. Beilenson
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your assistant managing editress, Miss Bridges, could probably have written much the same essay ("Trial by Jury") if she had never helped try anybody. Since she did serve on a jury, though, and since she actually goes so far as to tell us what the trial was about, why didn't she tell us how it ended? Why keep it a secret?

Was the defendant guilty or not, and if guilty, guilty of what? Was the dead man a patron or just a pimp? Was his murder premeditated? If it was, did the murderess get the chair? If not, why? (If the victim was white, or if capital punishment is against the law in New York, leniency is sufficiently accounted for.)

Miss Bridges wrote 11 interesting columns without answering any of these questions. She soars above mere matters of fact like—though I know you hate bad language—a liberal.

E. McVeigh
Chicago, Ill.

Alas, so far from soaring above mere matters of fact, I found them so fascinating that I thought it better not to write a narrative of the murder and the police investigators' painstaking unraveling of it at all if I couldn't do it justice: and in the space that we (that's the assistant-managing-editorial "we") have available, I could not *do it justice. (It would actually make a terrific script—how about the title* A Palmprint in Blood*?) So I chose instead to examine some questions that are frequently discussed nowadays, from the viewpoint of someone who is not professionally connected with the criminal-justice system.*

But I have no objection to answering Mr. McVeigh's specific questions: 1) She was guilty (as, by the way, I think the last column on page 731 makes clear enough), of both counts of second-degree murder. 2) The dead man was a patron who had solicited her while carrying $4,000 in cash on his person; when she attempted to rob him and fled through the hotel corridors, he (stark naked) gave chase and, unfortunately for him, caught up with her. 3) So far as we could tell, the murder was not premeditated; but "premeditation" has given way to "intent" as a legal distinction in the State of New York. 4) She got 25 years to life; and I have been told that, because of the concurrent convictions, it is likely that she will actually spend a fair amount of that time in jail. 5) In New York, capital punishment is now reserved for those who kill a policeman or prison guard on active duty. —LB

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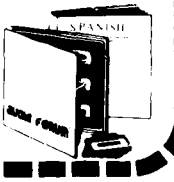

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A bridge enthusiast — 24 161 86 53 116

B. Stingy — 31 118 200 52 65

C. Declared guiltless — 95 108 166 87 32 14 179 55 189

D. A form of survey which gullible people take seriously; usually inaccurate for elections — 42 168 50 188 204 217 9 193 28 127 132

E. A U.S. president or a large vacuum cleaner company official — 54 12 96 155 170 202 1 112 149 107 27 39 61

F. Idealistic thinking akin to transcendentalism — 73 89 49 121 2 33 137 199 181 151

G. A Boer republic — 77 25 23 34 66 58 154 80 17

H. Another name for a quintal — 88 10 22 99 103 114 174 186 194 198 46 78 82

I. A branch of sociology or a branch of biology — 3 56 68 85 5 19 37

J. Experimental — 51 26 162 175 35 196 18 203 72

K. A type of cannon — 64 156 129 20 74 145 131 36

L. Town in Benewah County, Idaho — 7 139 160 214 40

M. This stationery sounds like a certain vegetable's relatives — 21 84 59 128 109 164 91 133 119

N. A river south of Paris where a strange tongue is spoken — 126 176 163 208 63

O. Club of which Major Hoople has been a distinguished member for years — 13 38 60 11

P. What a winding or angled stair without newels is called — 134 201 125 4 210 165 141 92 115 97 29

Q. Deep longings — 106 153 142 90 93 135 101 120 138

R. An English novelist (1866-1946) — 113 41 169 207 212 122 220 146 67

S. Clouding — 150 117 94 110 158 147 180

T. What the bricklayers and gardeners did — 159 221 140 75 123 143 191 6

U. Very desirable — 173 43 69 144 177 44 157 182

V. A country named for a man who became famous for granting scholarships — 183 124 136 102 45 222 62 100

W. More risqué — 197 171 209 215 70 8

X. Unscramble OLE WILL (or LEO WILL) — 205 76 172 111 104 184 192

Y. A high school yell — 218 47 178 15 167 190 81 185 152

Z. Town in Westmoreland County, Pa. — 57 130 105 83 48

a. Produced mud, mire, ooze, or slush — 216 206 30 195 148 16 213

b. A lunatic — 79 187 219 71 211 98

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1284 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 E	2 F	3 I		4 P	5 I	6 T	7 L	8 W	9 D		10 H	11 O	12 E		13 O	14 C	
15 Y	16 a	17 G	18 J	19 I	20 K	21 M	22 H		23 G	24 A		25 G	26 J	27 E	28 D	29 P	30 a	31 B
32 C	33 F	34 G	35 J	36 K	37 I		38 O	39 E	40 L	41 R	42 D	43 U		44 U	45 V	46 H	47 Y	48 Z
	49 F	50 D	51 J	52 B		53 A	54 E	55 C		56 I	57 Z	58 G	59 M	60 O		61 E	62 V	63 N
64 K	65 B	66 G		67 R	68 I	69 U	70 W	71 b	72 J	73 F	74 X		75 T	76 X	77 G	78 H		79 b
80 G	81 Y	82 H	83 Z	84 M		85 I	86 A	87 C	88 H	89 F	90 Q		91 M	92 P	93 Q	94 S		95 C
96 E		97 P	98 b	99 H		100V	101Q	102V	103H	104X	105Z		106Q	107E	108C	109M	110S	
111X	112E	113R		114H	115P	116A	117S	118B	119M	120Q		121F	122R	123T		124V	125P	126N
127D	128M	129K		130Z	131K	132D	133M	134P	135Q	136V	137F	138Q		139L	140T	141P	142Q	143T
144U	145K	146R	147S	148a		149E	150S		151F	152Y	153Q		154G	155E	156K	157U	158S	159T
160L	161A	162J	163N	164M	165P	166C		167Y	168D	169R	170E	171W	172X	173G	174H		175J	176N
	177U		178Y	179C	180S	181F	182U	183V		184X	185Y	186H		187b	188D	189C		190Y
191T	192X	193D	194H	195a		196J	197W	198H	199F	200B	201P	202E		203J	204D	205X	206a	207R
208N	209W	210P		211b	212R	213a		214L	215W	216a	217D	218Y	219b	220R	221T	222V		

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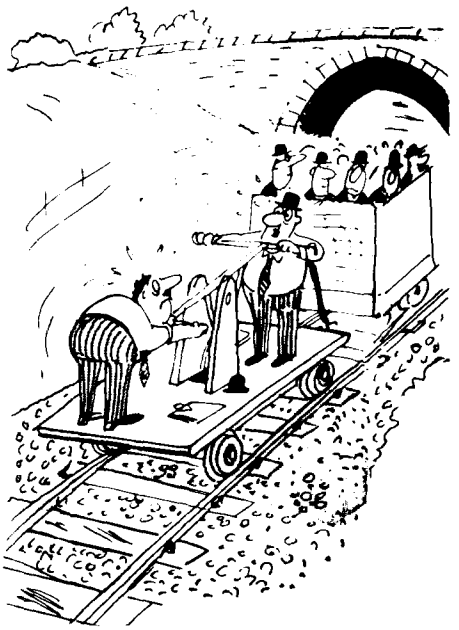
FOR THE RECORD

■ With pre-election days dwindling, big story is **Anderson** fade. CBS/*New York Times* poll shows Anderson support fell from 14 per cent in mid-September to 9 per cent near end of month. Voters deserting Anderson now moving to **Reagan**, but if Anderson's hard-core supporters leave him they will probably go to **Carter**. To encourage this, says Carter campaign chairman **Robert Strauss**, Carterites have placed ads saying a vote for Anderson is a vote for Reagan. . . . Reagan strategists split between hawks and doves. Stand-patters won debate on **debates**: Reagan won't meet Carter unless Carter moves up in polls. . . . Columnist **David Broder** reports that Carter's refusal of three-man debate may be enough to prompt Anderson to remain until bitter end, *à la* **Ted Kennedy**. . . . Carter aides expected Iraq-Iran war to give their man five points in the polls, but it hasn't worked that way, say **Evans & Novak**, because U.S. has little role to play. War also reduces, to around zero, chances that hostages will be freed before election. . . . If Carter makes it four more years, liberals in the Carter camp are resigned to four more years of **Zbigniew Brzezinski**. They say he has so endeared himself to **Rosalynn Carter** that Carter will never dare fire him.

■ Study by Common Cause reports ten largest recipients of campaign gifts in Senate races, mostly Democrats, are: **Russell Long** (D., La.), **Donald Stewart** (D., Ala.), **Alan Cranston** (D., Calif.), **Warren Magnuson** (D., Wash.), **James Abdnor** (R., S.D.—he's running for **McGovern** seat), **Birch Bayh** (D., Ind.), **Steven Symms** (R., Idaho—running for **Church** seat), **Herman Talmadge** (D., Ga.), **Dan Quayle** (R., Ind.—running against Bayh), and **Ernest Hollings** (D., S.C.). One of these (Stewart) has already been knocked off. . . . Democratic



Cookson, *London Evening News* Rothco

"Economies are one thing but this is ridiculous."

senators considered most vulnerable in November: McGovern, **Culver** (Iowa), and Church. Following them, **Durkin** (N.H.), **Hart** (Colo.), **Leahy** (Vt.), **Nelson** (Wis.). . . . Proposition 13 lives. Clones of California measure will be on ballot in **Alaska**, **Arizona**, **Florida**, **Montana**, **Nevada**, **Oregon**, and **South Dakota**.

■ Iraq-Iran war has highlighted decline of U.S. intelligence capabilities. Administration has read about some engagements in press before receiving intelligence reports. Surviving ability of Iran air force also came as surprise. . . . From his headquarters in Paris, **Shahpour Bakhtiar**, last prime minister appointed by **Shah**, has beamed a message to his countrymen calling for ouster of **Khomeini** and overthrow of the Islamic Republic as the only way to end war. . . . Under leadership of **Field Marshal Aryana**, former chief of staff of Iranian armed forces, Iranian generals in exile have established committee to formulate contingency plans for what they believe is the imminent collapse of Khomeini government. . . . **OPEC** plans to raise production to meet any shortages caused by war; insiders believe real trouble for cartel will come when Iraq and Iran try to win back customers lost to OPEC brothers. . . . **House Energy and Power Subcommittee** has accused Administration of "imperiling national defense preparedness" by not filling strategic oil reserve. . . . **American Geological Institute** has called on Carter, Reagan, and Anderson "to focus public attention" on the "dangerous dependence of the United States upon unstable foreign sources of strategic materials required for our national defense . . . All the oil in the world is of no value if the engines and machines to use it cannot be built or maintained. Without **manganese**, **chromium**, **platinum**, and **cobalt**, there can be no automobiles, no airplanes, no jet engines, no satellites, and no sophisticated weapons." . . . Western intelligence sources report that **Soviets** are conducting their largest arms-buildup to **Hanoi** since the Communist victory in 1975. Soviets are sending everything from conventional arms and ammunition to new T-54 tank. Supplies are going to Vietnamese troops in **Cambodia** as well as those along **China-Vietnam** border. Cambodian port of Kompong Som is so busy that ships carrying food from the West have been diverted to a Vietnamese port.

■ At a news conference shortly after Carter remarked that his Independent *opponent is regarded* "primarily as a creation of the **press**," Anderson wryly noted: "I feel very humble. I'm standing before my creators."

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THE WEEK

■ Let's see now. A liberal, 1980 model, is one who a) is horrified by Ronald Reagan's proposal to appoint judges according to their philosophy, and b) heartily approves of Jimmy Carter's policy of appointing them by race.

■ Lest you suspect Mr. Carter is being frivolous, here's the score after his first six revitalizations. Some two million more workers unemployed. Worker productivity—almost without precedent in American history—decreasing since 1978. Inflation rate more than tripled. Autos, steel, housing, and other industries on the ropes. Gold and silver prices more than tripled. Federal taxes up 50 per cent. Federal *deficits* approaching the spending levels for World War II. The trains run on time? No.

■ After years of advertising U.S. Savings Bonds as a "good investment," the Treasury has finally agreed to huckster its paper under more modest claims, as befits an instrument that yields 7 per cent while inflation is roaring at 12 per cent. The Treasury retreated under pressure from the Federal Trade Commission, which had received a complaint from a San Francisco attorney, Robert Gnaizda, representing an organization of elderly citizens. One waits in vain for Ralph Nader to issue a cry of delight at the death of yet one more "consumer fraud."

■ Mr. Peter Grace, President of W. R. Grace & Co. and a leading candidate for a Reagan Cabinet, told the Financial Executives Institute of New York on September 18 that the United States has the highest percentage of obsolete plants and the lowest percentage of capital investment of any major industrial country. While the nation's industrial plant has been running down, taxes and transfer payments have been exploding. Since 1960 federal payments to individuals multiplied 11.8 times (for comparison, defense spending rose only 2.8 times in nominal terms). Spending on food stamps alone in 1980 equals FDR's entire federal budget in 1939. The explosion in handouts has had to be paid for. This year 71 per cent of taxable income will be taxed at a rate of 25 per cent or higher. As recently as 1965 only 27 per cent of income fell into this category. Taxes are the largest and fastest-rising item in the household's budget. They are rising so fast that even a full-fledged Kemp-Roth tax reduction would not cover the projected tax increases over the next five years from bracket creep alone.

■ Said John Anderson in the TV debate: "To try to tell the parishioners of any church of any denomination how they should vote or for whom they should vote violates the principles of separation of church and state." Let's see. So the First Amendment abridges religious leaders' freedom of speech? So it's un-American for churchmen to do what union leaders and indeed movie stars may do? If we may presume to instruct the thinking man's candidate in a matter so lofty, *only the state can violate the wall of separation*, because only the state has the power to compel. Under our system, religions are private, voluntary organizations: you don't have to join, support, or obey them. Whether they want to take positions on issues and candidates is strictly for them to decide—not for the state, not for John Anderson.

■ The Titan II ICBM whose accidental explosion in its silo tossed a nine-megaton nuclear warhead two hundred yards, killed one and injured 21 persons, and spread noxious fumes far over the Arkansas countryside was one of fifty-odd missiles of its type still in the U.S. strategic inventory. Senator John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, is urging riddance of the rest. The question is: How much would that cost in lost military assets? By 1982 the Soviet Union will exceed the U.S. in MIRVed missile megatonnage by 5,000 to 800—a ratio of 6.25 to 1. With non-MIRVed missiles counted, the respective aggregates will be 10,400 to 1,900—a 5.5 to 1 ratio. With the Titans (amounting to roughly half of the U.S. non-MIRVed megatonnage) subtracted, the overall ratio would be 7.5 to 1. On that basis, the subtraction looks very costly, and cutting that much megatonnage without any offsetting concession seems prodigal. The notion of using Titans as bargaining chips, however, is an arms-control fantasy. The Soviet side is most unlikely to give up anything in return. Titans are city-busters—high in blast potential and fallout effects but low in penetrative power and accuracy, calculably potent against soft targets but not really useful for counterforce missions. They are as passé as the mutual-assured-destruction concept. Retention of a few dozen outdated, liquid-fueled, leaky,

Mrs. Gandhi's Favorite Things

A uniform, padded and braided;
  A parliament suitably mute;
Protectorate states she's invaded;
  A sentence no court can commute;
A press just for printing promotions;
  A populace pleasantly hoarse;
Some judges for going through motions,
  And something for Sonny, of course.

W. H. von Dreele

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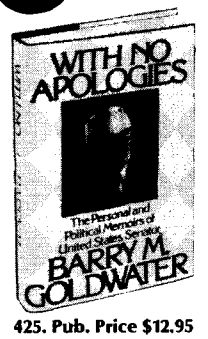

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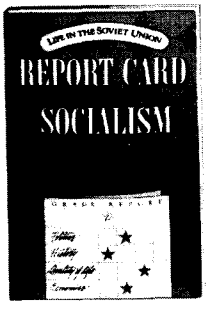

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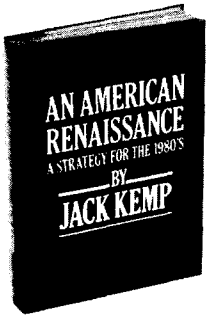

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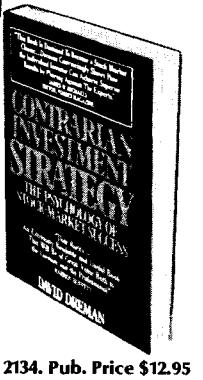

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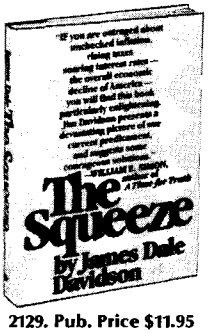

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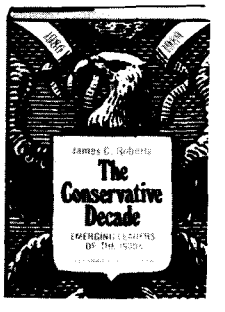

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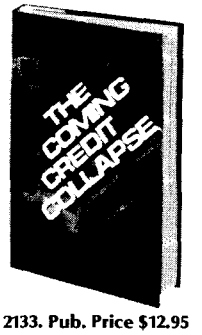

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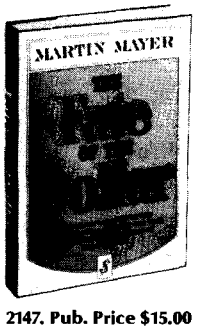

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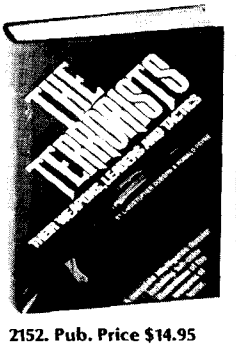

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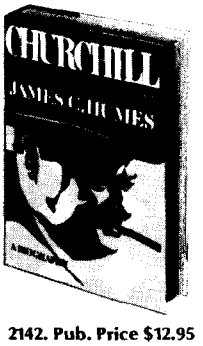

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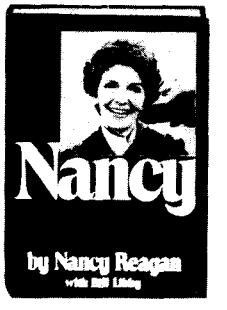

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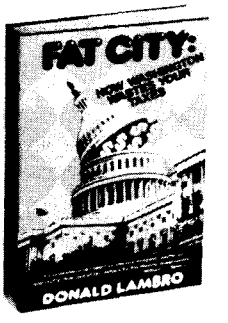

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

As the campaign heads into the final weeks, competition for the coveted Golden Hatchet Award is coming to a boil. In a political season that has seen so much of the conventional wisdom overturned, the contest continues to perplex even seasoned observers. This much is known, however. The principal contenders include Howell Raines of the *New York Times*, Thomas Oliphant of the *Boston Globe*, and Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*.

In assessing the strengths of the leading candidates, political professionals interviewed by *NR* were strongly impressed by Raines's ability to spot the cloud hovering over even the best and the brightest of Ronald Reagan's campaign days. Veteran press-watchers say that inexperienced reporters often can be deflected from "theme" reporting by twists and turns in the campaign story. A charge, a denial, the revelation of a scandal, a small war—any of these developments has been known to knock hard-news reporters off stride. Raines's tenacity in refusing to be deflected from his first impressions of the campaign has impressed even long-time observers at the National Press Club Bar.

Oliphant, a witty young journalist covering his first presidential campaign, has caught the eye of jaded deskmen with his skill at weaving references to Bonzo the chimp into the fabric of seemingly unrelated stories. Said one old pro to this reporter: "This is the kind of thing you just can't teach a kid in journalism school. You've just got to be born with the instinct—you've got to *feel* the moment when Bonzo should be jammed into the lead of a heavy foreign-policy story."

For all his skill at the VTR keyboard, Oliphant's campaign is heavily based on personal style. On the campaign plane, for instance, he is always ready with a practical joke, a song, the friendly rituals that transform a quirky group of individualistic writers into a well-tuned press chorus. (Former Senator Eugene McCarthy, among others, has been impressed with this phenomenon, labeling it "the blackbird effect.") In the early weeks of the campaign, press-plane veterans now admit, there was more than a little freelancing. Reporters were chasing off in all directions after half-baked stories, many of them just products of their own imagination. ("I was guilty of a little of that myself," says one Midwestern bureau chief, shaking his head and chuckling quietly. "We were all in business for ourselves.") But as the campaign wore on, order was restored and that confusing, unpredictable quality that had crept into national reporting during August was virtually eliminated. Oliphant deserves at least some of the credit.

However strong the bids of Raines and Oliphant, the smart money seems to be on "Loose" Cannon. To begin with, he has the usual advantages of incumbency. He has been there before, having covered Reagan and national politics for most of a decade. More important, most analysts agree, he is having a good campaign. The signature on a Cannon story is his knack for recognizing what others see as no more than a campaign blooper for the fundamental character flaw it really is. A small snafu, a one-day story, and a reporter's copy can wind up in the "Consultants Wanted" section of the *Post*. When Cannon can find heavy trouble, which much to the astonishment of his colleagues he does week after week, his copy is out front and moving on the national wire.

The only knock on Cannon, it must be reported, is the residual doubt about his capacity to make the cross-media plug. Even his closest friends wonder whether he can go the distance on the talk-shows. ("Let's face it," said one who has seen Cannon every day for 23 years, "Lou's no Haynes Johnson.") It's a challenge that many young reporters face and Cannon, an intensely private man, is said to be wrestling now with decisions on post-election plans for tummy tucks and razor cuts.

Whither Lou Cannon? As a man who is as close to Cannon as his own brother was heard to say last week, "I think he'll go for the big one. Syndication is in his blood."

What is the outlook, then, for November 4? After lengthy interviews with fellow Washington columnists, both of whom requested anonymity, we can report that Cannon appears to be leading, with Oliphant a very solid second and Raines, a notoriously slow starter, closing fast. (Another view, it should be reported, has Oliphant first with Raines in second and Cannon, a notoriously fast finisher, close behind in third.) Whatever the verdict on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, however, this much seems certain: this election will have far-reaching implications for the immediate families of the reporters involved.

And that's the way it is. —CATO

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hard-to-maintain Titans will count little, if anything, toward national security. The vital requirement is to speed up modernizing our strategic nuclear battery and to invigorate our civil defense.

■ Last year Massachusetts Citizens for Limited Taxation gathered sixty thousand signatures on a petition calling for a constitutional amendment to limit the growth of state spending (the culmination of a drive that Milton Friedman helped to kick off at a banquet in Boston in the fall of 1977). The petition was presented to the Massachusetts legislature. The state constitution requires the legislature to act on such petitions during the session in which they are presented. In flagrant disregard of the constitution, the legislature adjourned on July 2 without acting on the petition. True, Governor Ed King can call the legislature into special session any time before January 1, but he'll probably wait until after election day, so that the legislature may safely thwart the will of the petitioners.

■ Although all hope may not yet be dead, the Metropolitan Opera of New York canceled its 1980-81 season after failing to come to terms with 17 unions holding 22 contracts. The main sticklers were the orchestra members, who complained of having to play "catchup" with major symphonies. The Labor Department expects shortly to promulgate a formal codifica-

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Slithering with Jimmy

First an elbow to the liver,
  Then a kneecap in the crotch;
Jimmy is a cheerful giver
  When opponents fail to watch.
Some perceive a Machiavelli;
  Others, William Randolph Hearst.
I see shades of Mrs. Shelley
  At her monster-making worst.

W. H. VON DREELE

tion of the principle that no one may earn less than the average salary—or, in the case of musicians, play lower or higher than average notes. Sorry about that Queen of the Night bit, Wolfgang– we'll just put it all on middle C.

■ When all else fails, invent a conspiracy. American leftists, now eating crumbs in Outsville, surely can't blame themselves, or their ideologies. Noam Chomsky last year was telling us there's "a very effective kind of ideological control" in the U.S., managed by politicians, media lords, capitalists, and mainstream intellectuals—a "system of thought control." Eek. Shudder. Now here's George Wald, perfesser emeritoid, Harvard, telling the *New York Times* that "John Anderson's try for the Presidency was invented by, or with the connivance of, the Trilateral Commission . . . Anderson was not designed to win this election, but to cut into the Democratic vote. . . . What all this means, if I am right, is that David Rockefeller and his Trilateral Commission, having had four years of Jimmy Carter, have decided that they can do even better with Reagan and their man Bush. Henry Kissinger, political advisor to the Rockefeller family and member of the executive committee of the Trilateral Commission, hailed Reagan . . . as 'the trustee of our hopes.' I think that John Anderson is the instrument designed by the Trilateral Commission to assure Reagan's election." Eek. Shudder. I tawt I taw a poody tat.

■ Still hanging: Ralph Nader's $1,005,000 libel suit against *NR* contributor Ralph de Toledano. It will be recalled—no, actually, it won't be recalled. Nader is a certified Media Good Guy, and what he does to his critics passes, by tacit agreement, unnoticed. A few years ago Toledano wrote a devastating little book about Nader, which, under the prevailing conventions, passed unpublicized. There is strong suspicion that Nader himself may have noticed it, though, and when Toledano in a newspaper column remarked that Nader had "falsified and distorted evidence" to prove that the Corvair had been dangerously defective, Nader filed suit. Toledano had been referring to a report by Abraham Ribicoff's Senate subcommittee, which indeed concluded that Nader had goofed but extended the polite presumption that his charges had been made "in good faith based on the information available to him." It is reasonable to hold that Toledano should have qualified his charges. It is preposterous to think that what he said warrants a million dollars in punitive damages. It is noteworthy that Toledano is getting almost no support from the civil libertarians who would shriek about "chilling effects" if General Motors were to sue Nader for the incontrovertibly damaging things he did say about the Corvair.

■ Why do they go so far? Given the circumstances —Robert Mugabe's first visit to the United States as President of Zimbabwe—a little hyperbole was in order. President Carter, at a White House reception, greeted him as a "notable world leader" (notorious would have been more accurate) and "head of a great new Republic" (well, Ian Smith was running something there for a dozen years, and as of now Zimbabwe can hardly be described as "great"). Let it pass. But why go on to praise Mugabe as "a world leader exemplifying the *finest aspects of humanity*," when what he was doing best until a year ago was ordering his troops to brutalize and murder innocent civilians, most of them of his own race?

■ The other day Jimmy told Congress his plan for the cities was "to strengthen linkages among macroeconomic, sectoral place-oriented economies," and if that's not telling it like a good old boy, what is?

■ We will award one Susan B. Anthony dollar to the reader who comes closest to figuring out what Mr. Carter is talking about, in 25 digits or less.

Campaign Watch

I. Surf's Up

With one month to go, and a large wave apparently impelling him forward, Ronald Reagan's strategy is locked on a "safe" course. He apparently will not debate Carter, despite the opportunities such a debate would hold for him. His speeches tell audiences what they already know, that Carter's record is dismal. His TV ads have been relatively bland. Not since the Detroit Convention has he set forth much in the way of potentially controversial alternative policies.

At this point in the campaign such a low-risk strategy appears to be justified, at least on the surface, by its results. After his Baltimore TV debate with Anderson, Reagan opened a five- to ten-point lead over Carter,

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and he looks even better in the electoral vote arithmetic. Interestingly enough, Anderson began to sink in the wake of the debate—but, contrary to expectation, defecting Anderson voters tended to move to Reagan rather than Carter, Reagan picking up some additional support from the suburbs and from women.

And yet, and yet . . . Much experience, in various endeavors, indicates that playing it safe can be the riskiest of all strategies. In athletics, a competitor can build up a lead and then try to protect it—only to fail because he has changed the strategy that earned him the lead in the first place. Real safety often does not lie in playing it safe.

In the present phase of American politics, the Republican Party has become the party of change, the Carter party the defender of the status quo. Broadly speaking Ronald Reagan now leads a movement of national rebellion against the social excesses of the 1960s, and he probably commands a substantial majority on those themes. But he also began this campaign with an exhilarating answer to our present economic stagnation, a theme recently muted.

Reagan stands, it seems to us, somewhat languidly, on the crest of a breaking wave that could carry all before it.

II. The Lowest Road

Jimmy Carter is fighting this campaign like a weasel in a hole—ugly, but always dangerous—and without even the pretense of statesmanship. Between now and November no stratagem, no matter how outrageous or degrading, can be excluded.

Desperately needing a heavy black vote, Carter went after it with charges that Reagan is a racist, mobilizing his black surrogates behind this sleazy tactic. Patricia Harris, Secretary of Health and Human Services, pretended to discern "the specter of white sheets behind Reagan." Representative Parren Mitchell (D., Md.) described Reagan as a man "who seeks the Presidency of the United States with the endorsement of the Ku Klux Klan." More of the same from Coretta King. Carter himself weighed in with charges that Reagan had injected hatred and racism into the campaign, then denied that he had charged Reagan with racism, then made the charge again, and went on to say that this was an election offering the voters a choice between war and peace.

For students of Carter's political career, all of this comes as no surprise. In his 1970 primary campaign against former Governor Carl Sanders, for example, the Carterites rafshooned Sanders as a race-mixer.

Remarkably enough, and to the outraged amazement of liberal columnist Tom Wicker, the Carterites have been openly boasting about the effectiveness of their gamy tactics. Unidentified Carter strategists explained to *New York Times* reporter Steven Weisman that the racism and warmonger charges have been deliberate and based upon polling data about Reagan's vulnerabilities. They described the tactics as "basically sound." Wicker concluded that Carter is guilty of a "triple contempt" for the public. He "expects that public to swallow his exaggerated attacks on Mr. Reagan and his continuing claims to virtue, while his aides concede that the attacks are deliberately designed to manipulate the same public. Do he and they really take us to be so gullible? Are we?"

Hardly attempting any defense of the indefensible, his own record, Carter has launched an all-out effort to maximize the political assets of his office. This month the Administration will announce, a month earlier than usual, its quarterly awards of urban-development grants. Carter pressed for federal funds for New York City and presented as his rationale the fact that he needs to carry New York in order to be reelected. Some $200 million for new local-transit buses is to be released soon. And $300 million in drought relief is to be distributed in the farm belt. That is only a sampling. Moreover, top-level bureaucrats are being pressed into the Carter campaign to a degree startling to Washington observers.

Most incumbent Presidents gain stature through association with the office, but Carter has been diminished by it. Nevertheless, he is running a mean and desperate campaign and Reagan must be ready for absolutely anything.

Retirement Planning

Planning as her hubby pales,
Holding, barely, by his nails,
Eleanor McGovern shops
For a farmhouse if he flops.
"Something rural" is her theme,
Nothing fancy or extreme,
Where they'll watch the setting sun—
Hopefully, with Eagleton.

W. H. VON DREELE

Mahan Update

War between Iraq and Iran calls up an essay in *The National Review* (an earlier and British incarnation) of July 1902, by this country's pioneer strategic theoretician, Alfred Thayer Mahan, airing intuitive worries about "the political and military status of the Persian Gulf"—a matter "not yet immediately urgent" but "clearly visible upon the horizon of the distant future." That constricted segment of "the royal highway of the

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sea" was subject to instabilities rising from grudges latent within and among the littoral countries—Persia (now Iran), and Arab lands then nominally subject to Turkey. All the world's interests might one day be affected but Great Britain and the Czar's Russia alone among the powers appeared to be in a position to interpose. If it came to war, naval strength probably would not suffice, and Britain (worn down by the Boer War) would presumably be reluctant to deploy ground forces. Thus, in Mahan's forebodings, strategic dominance over the region might pass to Russia by default. Mahan's aim was to buck up the British. "Non-interference," he warned, ". . . may easily degenerate into an indolent attitude, and then it is politically vicious." He added: "It may well today be a duty not to do that which tomorrow will be incumbent."

A few years later, in World War I, Britain did use ground forces, to extend to the region the strategic pre-eminence she had established over the Indian Ocean in Napoleonic times. Rival ambitions to inherit that dominance after an anticipated defeat of Britain in World War II precipitated the split between Hitlerite Germany and its temporary collaborator, the Soviet successor to Imperial Russia. In fact, Britain's uninterrupted control—preserving access for U.S. lend-lease cargoes via Iran to the Soviet Union—proved an essential factor in ensuring Germany's eventual collapse. Mahan's prophecy was thus vindicated. With the subsequent emergence of the region as a source, and of the Persian Gulf itself as a conduit, for petroleum constituting an essential portion of Western Europe's and Japan's energy requirements and a sizable share of U.S. requirements as well, the significance of the Persian Gulf has become magnified hugely beyond Mahan's foretelling. A strategically more sensitive area probably does not exist.

The Soviet Union's ambitions are unabated. Fractiousness persistent along the littoral—among countries commanding resources undreamt of in an earlier epoch—provides it ample opportunities to abet mischief in the neighborhood, for leverage in matters far beyond. The countering role has long since changed hands. A fatigued Britain began in the early sequel to World War II the process of casting off pertinent strategic responsibilities and has now subsided to a regional role focused on Western Europe and the North Atlantic. Perhaps no official prognosis in international affairs has ever been more fatuous than Britain's assurance to the U.S. Government three decades ago that there would be no untoward strategic consequences from the wholesale withdrawal east of Suez.

An involuntary legatee to pertinent strategic responsibilities, the United States—as if more or less believing the ill-founded assurance—has shown a measure of diffidence akin to that which Mahan ascribed to the British. Inhibitions induced by the Vietnam misadventure also have a bearing. The Nixon Doctrine, emphasizing reliance on regional surrogates supported by the U.S.—as an alternative to direct U.S. involvement—has come a cropper in the Persian Gulf with the overthrow of the Shah of Iran, the regional mainstay of the doctrine. That development (whether or not it could have been avoided if U.S. policy had not been preoccupied by a yearning for immaculate allies is an imponderable) leaves the United States drastically short of assets on the scene for the time being and as far ahead as imagination carries.

The United States and the Soviet Union are not alike in standing aloof and neutral, their policies are not parallel, and to regard them as having common interests in restoring peace is to miss an important point. To elucidate, consider a parable drawn from a recent news item. A bandit tried to hold up a mom-and-pop store. Rather than yield, the storekeepers resisted and killed the bandit. They and the bandit had a *common* interest in possessing the money in the safe. Mom and pop had a *joint* interest.

Talk about our common interests with the Soviet Union should not obscure the lack of joint interests between us and them.

Encore

If anyone doubts the existence of conservatism, he need only consider the Los Angeles Unified School District and its experience with busing. Busing, after more than a decade's trial, has failed to alleviate a single social ill, while exacerbating several. It has depressed educational standards, without raising black educational performance. It has engendered hatred in the whites who have fled it, and frustration in the blacks who were duped by its promises. It has gelded representative government, and fattened an unwieldy administrative and legal bureaucracy. Yet in spite of every testimony of experience and common sense, the people who decide these things in America persist in it. Metternich, thou shouldst be living at this hour.

In applying "conservatism" to busing, we mean it of course only in its narrowest sense—preservation of the status quo. Idiomatically defined, "conservatism" is the last thing busing represents. Busing meddles arrogantly in the most important matters under an average man's control—his family and his children. It disregards the settled conviction of the people, whether registered at the polls or in the stampede of white children to private schools. It channels the natural energies of black leaders into artificial and unproductive courses. It entails—indeed depends upon—a rejection of the real world, in which people work for themselves if they work at all, and flee or fail if they are forbidden, for a world of wish and fantasy.

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Superior Court Judge Paul Egly has ordered the busing of 36,000 pupils. He asked the State Supreme Court to reject two appeals from the Board of Education in order to implement his plan. Blacks have assailed Egly because his dictates have not been sweeping enough. A quarter of the white pupils who had been expected to attend classes this fall haven't shown up; in some schools, the drop-out rate exceeds 60 per cent. Good work, Egly; good work, everyone.

The Cost Of Jimmy's Platform

Mr. Carter has been complaining about the cost of the tax reduction proposals in the Republican Platform. But as Senator Orrin Hatch pointed out in the Senate the other day, the cost of the Republican tax cuts pales in comparison to the cost of Jimmy's Democratic Platform. Furthermore, the cost of the Republican tax cuts would be borne by the bloated Federal Government, while the Democratic Platform would cost—the taxpayers.

Senator Hatch undertook to cost out the Democratic Platform. He found seventy separate items that would entail initiating or expanding spending over and above the five-year projections in the Second Budget Resolution reported by the Senate Budget Committee for FY 1981. Over the five-year period, Carter's platform would raise federal spending $389 billion above the already high Budget Committee projections.

Carter wants to double the funding for public housing; spend $24 billion on "welfare reform," another $60 billion in assuming local governments' share of welfare costs, another $11 billion in anti-recession jobs programs; drop a cool $100 billion on a national health program; and build union halls for teachers. Sundry other handouts bring the total to $389 billion. That's why there's no room for a tax cut.

Nuclear Power, Anyone?

Oil supplies, we noted in our February 2, 1979 issue, "fluctuate at the whim of sheiks who live within spitting distance of the Soviet Union." The bound in gold prices at the beginning of the Iran-Iraq war indicates a general agreement with *NR*'s judgment. So far, the battle between two owners of the world's premier energy source has not lessened the flow coming out of the spigot. But now might be a good time—while the sense of panicky dependence is still fresh—to take another look at the energy source to which our February 2, 1979 issue was dedicated—nuclear power.

Nuclear expansion has practically halted in this country. There were 41 orders for new plants in 1973; none now. The reason, of course, is Three Mile Island. TMI has by now passed into the national subconscious, certainly into the journalistic subconscious, as a Frankensteinian symbol of technology gone berserk. "A-CLOUD MOVES CLOSER" cried one memorable headline in the *New York Post*; while at the other end of the stylistic spectrum, *The New Yorker* still wrings its hands over nuclear power every month or so, in between assaults on Reagan and feuilletons on Life in the City.

Studying the report of the President's Commission on the Accident at Three Mile Island (the Kemeny Report) yields a different picture. There exists a hazy impression that the Kemeny Report, which has been out about a year now, calls for a restriction of nuclear power. This impression is justified, as the Report itself admits:

"Whether in this particular case we came close to a catastrophic accident or not, this accident was too serious. Accidents as serious as TMI should not be allowed to occur in the future." Which begs the question: How serious was it? The Kemeny Report was a document for politicians, written in a context of popular alarm. The Report's technical findings, however, do not justify that alarm.

Was anyone harmed? "The major health effect of the accident was found to be mental stress" (Kemeny Report, Overview). What about the radiation that escaped into the outbuilding at the side of the reactor? "Essentially all of the radioactive iodine released from the fuel in the accident was retained in the water in the primary system, the containment building, and the auxiliary building. . . . No radioactive cesium, strontium, barium, or lanthanum has been detected in the environment" (this, and all subsequent quotations, from the summary of the Technical Staff Analysis Report).

Remember the hydrogen bubble? "No such explosion inside the reactor vessel was possible at any time." Why the fuss then? Ignorance, as Dr. Johnson once said, pure ignorance. Here the technicians allow themselves a note of exasperation: "Since the [relevant chemical reaction] has been studied for decades, it is hard to understand why none of this country's outstanding radiation chemists were contacted." But suppose all the hydrogen had exploded? The pressure would have been "within but close to the building's strength. Additional study of this issue is needed." Was there a meltdown? "Some small amount of fuel in the hottest zone may have melted." Could it have been worse? "No *single additional* operator action or equipment failure would have led unequivocally to large-scale fuel melting." Suppose there had been multiple failures? "This study found that containment

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would not be violated, i.e., opened to the environment, by . . . the action of molten fuel." The full technical report, incidentally, is practically unavailable, although copies of the summary can be got for $4.50 from the GPO, Washington, D.C. 20401 (stock number 052-003-00728-2).

So much for the worst nuclear accident in American history. The rest of the world, perhaps because it has been willing to shell out four and a half bucks, was never dismayed by it. France has 32 reactors under construction and 13 more on the drawing board. The Soviet Union's current Five-Year Plan calls for ten more reactors per year. Sweden (*Sweden!*) has voted to keep using nuclear power. Only Austria (which voted by a razor-thin margin in a low turn-out) and America (which has voted overwhelmingly in a turn-out so far restricted to scientifically illiterate politicians and reporters) hang back.

President Carter agreed, at the Venice summit, that nuclear power is vital. Delegates at the World Energy Conference in Munich last month roundly criticized the United States for failing to act on that agreement. "Every watt of energy the U.S. fails to produce by nuclear power," complained Carlos Castro Madero of the Argentine Atomic Energy Commission, "must be produced by oil. Every barrel of oil burned by the U.S. is a barrel for which we must compete on the market, and this means higher prices." Do we need a war between Moscow and Riyadh before we stop indulging ourselves?

Cultural Hardball

Professor Ronald Berman served with great distinction under Presidents Nixon and Ford as national chairman of the $100-million-a-year National Endowment for the Humanities. In 1976, Berman was forced out as the Carterites seized control of this agency. Berman has now been the victim of a pre-emptive smear.

In June, Berman attended a meeting of the Council on Foundations in Dallas. After a talk by a Carter spokesman, Berman delivered some sharp criticisms. The *Arts Reporting Service*, a widely read newsletter, described Berman being as in Texas to raise money for Ronald Reagan, and as claiming to hold a promise from Reagan to return him to his former post as chairman after a Reagan victory.

Clearly this version was circulated as an attack on both Berman and Reagan—Reagan promising a post in return for fund-raising efforts, Berman crudely boasting of the arrangement.

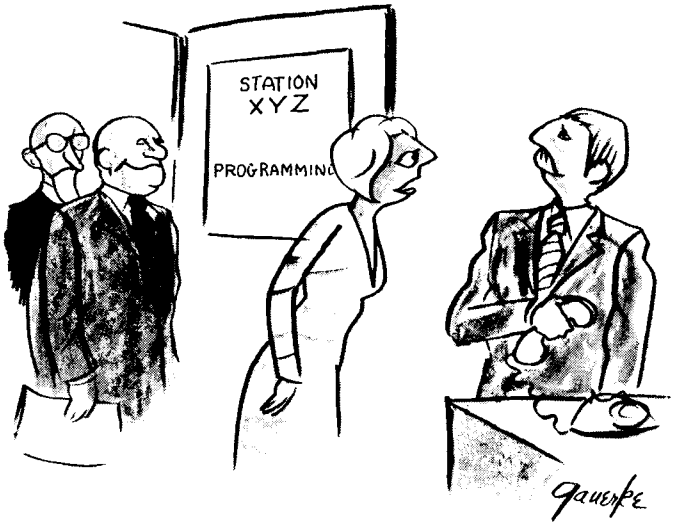
It's all fiction. Berman made some sharp criticisms, as reported in other published accounts. He was *not* raising funds for Reagan in Texas, and did *not* claim to be doing so; and he did *not* claim to have any promise from Reagan of a return to his former post. This has been substantiated by witnesses.

The Carterite chairman, Joe Duffey, and Senator Claiborne Pell—a self-appointed overseer of the NEH—appeared to have engineered the smear. A phone call to Duffey brings the welcome news that he completely disavows what was clearly political dirty work.

The Bear Is Out

After at least eight postponements, the trial of Mark Felt and Edward Miller has got under way. Egged on by the anti-intelligence lobby, the U.S. Government has accused the former FBI officials of conspiring to violate civil rights by authorizing warrantless break-ins in the FBI's efforts to capture members of the Weather Underground. The defendants are expected to contend that they were acting on orders and that, according to a 1972 Supreme Court decision, warrants weren't necessary because the Weather Underground had significant contacts with a foreign power. If they are convicted, the defendants face a maximum penalty of ten years in jail and a $10,000 fine. If they are acquitted, it will mean, says Albert Donner of the ACLU, that "the bear"—intelligence operations—"will come out of the cage again."

The mind turns to a column Robert Moss wrote in the London *Daily Telegraph* on September 13, the day Felt and Miller went on trial: "The most independent, and intriguing, figure in the Soviet Embassy in Washington is a minister counselor called Mr. Pavel Bessmertnik. . . . From time to time, he goes riding along the bridle paths of Rock Creek Park, in company with a selected American companion—the most notable being a well-known journalist who specializes in covering the intelligence community. . . .



"I'm afraid it's the Carter evangelicals. They're demanding time for response to the Reagan evangelicals."

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"Dirty pictures?"

Western analysts believe that Mr. Bessmertnik's KGB rank (Colonel-General or General of the Army) is actually superior to that of the KGB chief of station, or *rezident*. . . . Mr. Bessmertnik's highly sensitive specialty is the recruitment of Soviet agents of influence at the top level of American political life, including the media, and the effort to penetrate the Central Intelligence Agency and other sections of the intelligence community."

On Land or by Sea?

Critics profess to see little that is really very newsy in either the apprehension or the reassurance mingled in Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's recent public discourse. They see only confirmation of the fact that the Soviet Union has surpassed expectations in acquiring the ability to destroy U.S. land-based ICBMs. Brown's claim that the strategic balance has been shifted to this country's decisive advantage because of recondite methods now being developed for protecting cruise missiles and bombers against radar detection can be discounted: the benefits, when finally realized in an indefinite future, will be too marginal to offset the looming (if not already actual) vulnerability of U.S. land-based ICBMs and the resulting degradation of the strategic deterrent. Hope for redressing the strategic imbalance still must ride on the MX missile —M signifying a mobile basing mode and X indicating that development of the pertinent technology for MIRVed weapons still has a way to go. Production is expected six or seven years hence, with full deployment three years beyond.

Former Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird, acknowledging the need for the MX, raises important questions about the basing mode currently in favor—a complex of reinforced concrete to sprawl over a western area roughly the size of New Jersey. In view of costs and of impact on land, water, mineral resources, and human lifestyles, Laird, writing in *Reader's Digest*, finds it "arguable whether MX will ever be deployed on land in the United States." He makes a strong case for moving the MX program to sea—with the missiles to be borne about in ships and launched from water according to a method whose practicability has been indicated in tests under Navy auspices. Land-basing of MX would entail huge quantities of materials and landscape but not much technical novelty. The hydro-launch idea, in contrast, might require some technological inventiveness. A thorough official review of relative advantages and costs in time and money, as between land and sea, appears appropriate.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: WFB
From: WAR

Father Sutcliffe, director of the Episcopal Guild for the Blind in Brooklyn, who is himself blind, tells me that he repeatedly meets parishioners who are unaware that NATIONAL REVIEW is available—free—from the Library of Congress, in Braille and recorded editions for the blind. Inquiries should be directed to the Library of Congress, Division for the Blind and Phys-

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ically Handicapped, 10 First St., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20540.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have long been an admirer of yours. I have read and enjoyed a number of your books, and feverishly devour each issue of NATIONAL REVIEW as soon as my friend with the subscription has finished it. However, I must take issue with you (albeit regretfully) in regard to a portion of your "Ralph Waldo Emerson IV" column in the *NR* of September 5. To wit: you refer to the following as " 'the fallacy of composition' ": "Notre Dame has a wonderful football team, Johnny's a member of the team, therefore Johnny's a wonderful football player."

According to Professor Irving M. Copi's *Introduction to Logic* (fifth edition), "fallacy of composition" refers to an argument which either reasons fallaciously from the attributes of the parts of a whole to the attributes of the whole itself, or reasons fallaciously from the attributes of the individual elements of a collection to the attributes of the collection itself. Fallaciously reasoning from the attributes of the collection to the attributes of an individual member of the collection, as above, is not the fallacy of composition, but rather the fallacy of division.

On the other hand, if I were to say, "Mr. Buckley confuses the fallacies of composition and division in his column; confusing the fallacies of composition and division is abhorrent; therefore Mr. Buckley's column is abhorrent," I would be guilty of the fallacy of composition, because the totality of the column was delightful, however disconcerting this particular slip in logic might have been. Cordially yours,

William W. Horton
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Horton: Nice going. Thanks for the correction. I took my course in logic in 1947, and clearly it is wearing at the seams. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Our snail-like clipping service has just brought to my attention an unsigned note in your May 2 issue in which my name appears. I think I know a tease when I see one, and on occasion am even able to surmise the author.

Therefore, I will content myself with noting for the record that I am not now nor have I ever been a depositor in the Chase Manhattan Bank—or any other of those nasty conspiratorial ogres—and that I have to my knowledge had only two breakfasts and two dinners in the River Club in the course of eight years of professional exposure to New York City. The other partner in the iniquitous firm to which you refer—who is somewhat shorter and balder than I but occasionally mistaken for me—does apparently use those premises for his questionable activities with a racket. But I, sir, do not qualify as the habitué your writer would have me. Yours for the cause of truth, Sincerely,

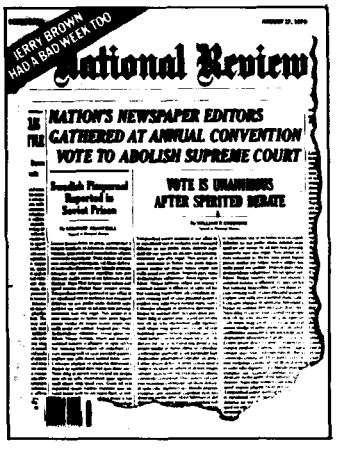
William P. Bundy
Editor, *Foreign Affairs*

P.S.: I saw a picture of your yacht the other day. It is remarkably elegant, but slightly behind the times in its design. I do not of course suggest any resemblance to your economic views.

Dear Bill: Am greatly relieved. . . . My economic views were fashioned back before we had inflation and a zero growth rate. With warm regards, Bill

■ Memo to: The Editors
From: Jim O'Bryan

The August 17, 1979 issue of *NR* was selected as a winner in the "Creativity 80" Art Direction's Annual Awards Show. This is one of the toughest and most prestigious shows in the country. We should be proud.


JERRY BROWN HAD A BAD WEEK TOO
National Review
NATION'S NEWSPAPER EDITORS GATHERED AT ANNUAL CONVENTION VOTE TO ABOLISH SUPREME COURT
VOTE IS UNANIMOUS AFTER SPIRITED DEBATE

Jim: Congratulations! Bill

■ The Editor
The Yale Daily News
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I have been sent a clipping from a recent issue wherein you give your readers "Some news about the *News*." It contains the passage, "During that time, Newsies have included cartoonist Garry Trudeau, Time-Life founder Henry Luce, Justice Potter Stewart, author Calvin Trillin, and William F. Buckley, although we don't take credit for the policies of the last." Such self-effacement has not been equaled since 1935. That was the year the City Council of Rome, Texas cabled to the League of Nations in Geneva to assure it that the invasion of Ethiopia had been launched by Rome, *Italy*, not Rome, Texas. But your modesty, though charming, is unconvincing: It is a matter of general knowledge that everything I know, I learned from the *Yale Daily News*. Yours faithfully,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

Colonial America

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WE ARE INDEBTED to Philip Dunne, of all people, for his insight into the nature of our current leadership. A longtime writer and producer and on the side a Hollywood political activist, as the euphemism still has it, Dunne records a synecdochic incident in his recently published memoirs, *Take Two: A Life in Movies and Politics*. The scene is a plush tinseltown studio, a story conference is in progress, and the atmosphere is charged with—well, what else? Electricity! Darryl Zanuck—the irrepressible, autocratic Zanuck—takes command. Swinging the polo mallet that was his trademark prop, Zanuck cruises the room, talking, reaching, creating. "And now, and *now*, her love turns to hate," Zanuck intones. The group of screen-writers absorbs this wisdom silently. Then a lone voice pipes up, "Why, Mr. Zanuck? Why does her love turn to hate?" Zanuck pauses, then leaves the room. A few moments later a flushing toilet can be heard. Then Zanuck strides back into the room, points the mallet at the questioner, and says, "All right, her love *doesn't* turn to hate."

That, my friends, is leadership in the Carter mode.

Consider our position in the world today. It has become the rhetorical twitch not only of our elected officials but also of the public declaimers to describe our role in imperial terms. Our military bases are far-flung. Our economic penetration is deep. Our cultural presence is ubiquitous. We are a Superpower, of which there are no more than two. The rhetoric is high-blown, but it does in fact reflect how most of us feel most of the time. The pertinent question, however, is this: Do these words describe the actuality of the American role in the world today? Do they capture the essence of the current situation? Suppose, for the purposes of argument, that our mind-set is not imperial but rather colonial. What symbols and images would we employ to describe our condition?

Take our military bases. To be sure, in the geographical sense they are far-flung. Year-end editions of pretentious newspapers still run maps with forests of pins representing planes and ships. Those pins stretch from one border of the map to the other. But what is the *function* of those far-flung bases? Are they entrusted with an imperial mission? The enforcement of moral-legal codes? Collecting taxes? Consolidating gains won on the fields of military or economic battle? Or could it be said that they are protecting, and *in extremis* fighting for, the Germans, the Japanese, and the genuinely strong economies of the world? Are they, in a word, serving as colonial troops, fighting wars in which the indigenous peoples prefer to remain uninvolved? Is the apposite metaphor a nuclear umbrella or a Hessian troop?

OR TAKE a look at the structure of economic relationships. It is the bias of our educational system, and fundamental to the hierarchy of civilizational beliefs, that the American economy is the best in the world. We carried the industrial revolution to its glistening conclusion; we honored the entrepreneurial spirit; we went multinational with a vengeance. The business of America *was* business. But a quick trip through the financial section of the paper confirms that veritable sea-changes have set in. We now find our currency manipulated by forces beyond our own borders. The dollar, the Godalmighty dollar, can be yanked around by a few guys wearing sheets in a Vienna hotel lobby. Our central manufacturing enterprises—those firms whose corporate names are synonymous with American economic might—go begging to the government for protection against foreign dumping, never risking to inquire how Panasonic and VW and Michelin can sell their products below cost and still make a handsome profit. (The mini-managers of Detroit would no doubt answer: They make it up on volume.) The only entry that begins to balance our national checkbook is raw materials, which in classic colonial style we trade for the lower-priced, higher-quality manufactured goods we now import. (Scanning the stats for hopeful signs, the business press has invested great promise in another emerging export industry. *Textiles!*)

Liberate yourself from imperial rhetoric and you can see something of the same pattern in the developing problem of immigration. Traditionally, it has been a source of national pride that foreigners seek America as a new home. They come here, we like to believe, because they have recognized the superiority of American life, the siren opportunity of the free society. What has happened in recent months, however, is sharply at variance with the sampler-philosophy. Castro is not letting the best and the brightest of Cuban society slip through his fingers to south Florida. He is sending us, instead, his old, his infirm, and, in especially generous amounts, his criminal elements. As the rash of hijackings has made clear, these are not your budding capitalists yearning to be free. These are social undesirables who are being sent to the great penal colony to the north. Shipped out from the home country, as it were, to the remote outpost from which return passage is a forlorn, desperate hope. Next stop Devil's Island.

It was with some of these notions in mind that we wrote in this space about bilingual education. That pernicious program is very much of a piece with the progressive colonialization of America. When a foreign power first stakes its claim to a new territory, the agenda can take many forms but it always begins with a single item: the waxing power imposes its own language on the waning, subjected peoples. (And taxes them, of course, for the privilege of diluting their own culture.)

It goes without saying, but perhaps shouldn't, that we are not arguing here for a new American imperialism. In the present circumstance, such an argument would be irrelevant. We have neither the will nor the force of arms to restore the *status quo ante*. But we think it is neither too much nor too late to ask of our national leadership that they conduct our affairs with a semblance of pride, with prudence, and with a decent respect for the greatness that was America. □

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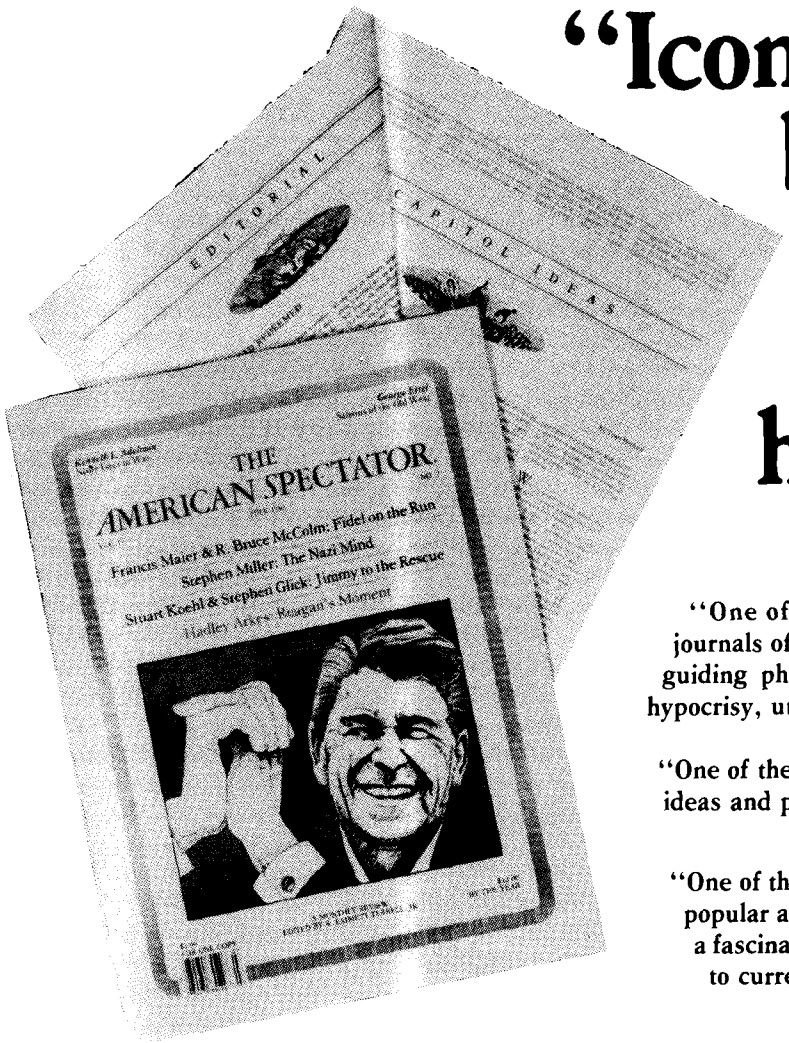
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Moscow's Imperial Burden

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

HOW BIG AN imperial burden is Afghanistan to the Soviets? The quick answer is: considerable, but nothing like what it could be if the West provided the Afghan resistance with the necessary hardware (and software, including clothes suitable for winter fighting in the mountains.)

In the manner of imperial powers, the Soviets had hoped that the regular Afghan forces would take on the job of crushing the "rebels." (Strange, by the way, that so many media commentators use the slightly opprobrious term "rebels," instead of the more appropriate "resistance" or "freedom fighters.")

The Afghan forces, Soviet-trained for many years, are not what they used to be, however. At full strength, that is, pre-invasion, they totaled about eighty thousand men. So many of them have deserted since the uprising ("rebellion") began that it is doubtful whether they now number more than 35,000. A draft of young men was announced on August 3, but even if it yielded an optimum of 48,000 (as demographic calculations suggest) it is going to be a long time before the new recruits can be really useful against brave and elusive guerrillas of the same nation and religion.

The Soviets themselves have between eighty thousand and 100,000 men there —depending on whether they are about to promise a token withdrawal to lull the Western leaders into supposing that something might be saved from the wreckage of detente. They made such a promise at the time of the Venice summit in June, when the offer was to pull out ten thousand men; but the best intelligence suggests that no more than six thousand actually left, and that they were mainly troops specializing in anti-aircraft, anti-tank, and missile warfare. Since the resistance fighters lack tanks and aircraft, and are not ideal targets for missiles, the withdrawal had no effect on Soviet military capacity.

Early in July, the Soviets stepped up their deliveries of more suitable equipment, when hundreds of Antonov transports landed at Kabul and the military airport at Bagram, bringing new light tanks, scout cars, and armored vehicles. A new helicopter gunship, the MI-8, has been spotted. Young recruits have been running wild in Kabul, and now the Russians are bringing in older and tougher troops.

Some of these are trained in counter-insurgency, and riot control. They are armed with the AK-S assault rifle, an improved version of the AK-47, and particularly nasty bullets, similar in their effects to the notorious dumdum bullets banned under international law. Another nasty one is a cluster bomb which scatters needle-sharp arrows over a wide area.

One of the problems of the Soviet command is that they have been finding themselves up against Afghan regulars as well as resistance fighters. Some weeks ago, the garrison at Ghazni, eighty miles southwest of Kabul, rebeled against the Babrak Karmal regime. This was no joke, as the five thousand men of the Afghan 14th Armored Division are headquartered at Ghazni. The Soviets diverted a large force to crush the rebels.

The Fragmented Opposition

On the resistance side, fragmentation is a major problem. Depending on who does the counting, there are about seven resistance groups. By far the largest is the National Islamic Front of Afghanistan (NIFA), led by the two Gailanis: Sayed Ahmed Gailani, who might be described as the political and spiritual leader, and his nephew Hassan, the military commander. Both have visited the West in recent months, with shopping lists which still are far from filled.

Having met both men, I was impressed by their dignity and intelligence. From independent sources, it is easy to confirm their account of the general situation. The main threat to their forces comes from the deadly helicopter-gunships and from artillery bombardment.

The freedom-fighters need anti-aircraft guns and anti-tank weapons; small guns with silencers for urban warfare; rifles and ammunition, and binoculars to spot the enemy; medical supplies and, as I mentioned earlier, winter clothing, especially footwear.

As a matter of fact, a good deal of arms and equipment appears to have been sent, and it is at this point that the fragmentation of the resistance becomes a real problem. If NIFA's claim is accepted, they have some 120,000 men under arms, and they reckon they could arm and field two or three times that number, given the material support. Two things are against NIFA, however. One is that its ideology is too liberal (in the British sense), democratic, and unfanatical for some tastes. The other is the number of Pathans among its troops.

Neither characterization has endeared NIFA to Pakistan's military strongman, General Zia ul-Huq. As head of a theocratic Islamic state, he gives preference to the more extreme Afghanistan Islamic Party (Hizb-e-Islami), whose leader, Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, is a friend of Libya's Colonel Qaddafi, and is well in with the Palestine Liberation Organization.

The Pathan aspect arouses understandable apprehension on the part of Zia, reviving the old specter of "Pakhtoonistan," the Pushtu-speaking nonstate which Pathans, from time immemorial, have wanted to carve out of parts of Afghanistan and what is now Pakistan. A massive, largely Pathan army, heavily armed into the bargain, could well in due course pose a threat to the survival of the Western half of Dr. Jinnah's Pakistan. At all events, according to NIFA, the arms tend to go to the smaller and more inactive groups, which find themselves with an *embarras de richesses*, leaving the real fighters underarmed.

Is Poland Next?

Back to the Soviets. Afghanistan is not the only reason why they didn't send in the tanks when the Polish workers struck for free trade unions, but it was and is a major one.

Bearing in mind the need to maintain a reassuring image until the German and American elections are over, and after them the Helsinki review conference in Madrid, I should guess that the Polish workers will be allowed to keep some of their recent gains (subject to Party erosion) until, say, March 1981. By then, unless the West rallies round, the Soviets may reckon that a cruel winter and Communist frightfulness will have subdued most of the Afghan resisters. □

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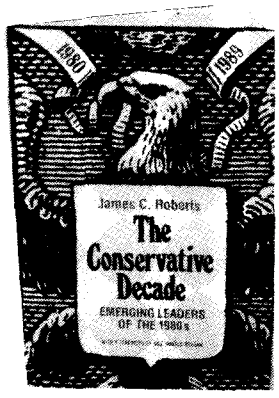

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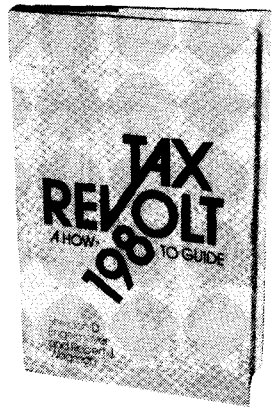

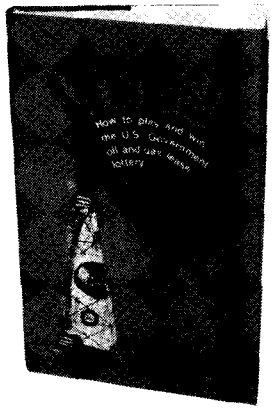

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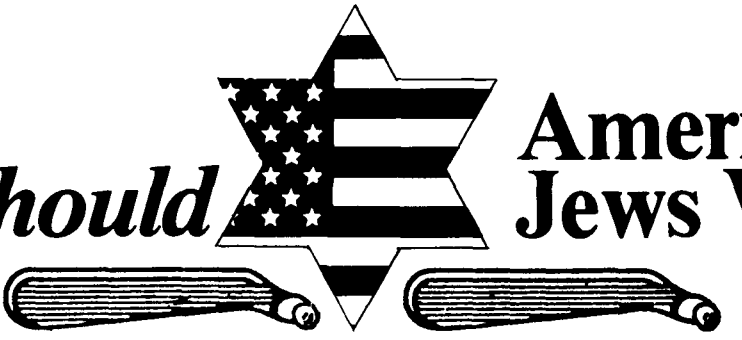
CAMPAIGN '80

How Should American Jews Vote?



JACOB NEUSNER

THERE ARE HALF as many Mormons as Jews in this country. Why don't people write about the Mormon vote at least half as much as they do about the Jewish vote? Because, conventional wisdom says, the Mormons are tucked away in the intermountain West—Utah, Idaho, Arizona. Who cares what happens out there? But the Jews are spread out in the large and important states of New York, Illinois, California, Florida, and the like, states which choose Presidents.

Perhaps so. But perhaps the Jewish vote has become an obsession, something made up by journalists to occupy people in search of the curious. For Jewish Americans form "the Jewish vote" in particular when provoked or afraid. Otherwise, they melt into a variety of other "votes" of which, individually, they form a part: the union vote, the white middle-class urban vote, the upper-class liberal vote, the intellectual vote, and the like. To be sure, the stated condition —fear, provocation—turns up more commonly than one might expect, lending substance to talk about the Jewish vote. For the walk to the polling place takes a long detour through history. Jews are Jewish by reason of their memories.

What makes a diverse, mobile, highly educated set of people living mainly in the suburbs of the largest cities of the country, practicing a wide range of businesses and professions, well represented in government offices, active in unions, visible in journalism, TV, and other parts of the country's communications industry—what makes these Americans of mainly the third generation into "the Jewish vote" at all? And what makes them vote the way they do?

First, of course, there is the State of Israel. You don't have to be Jewish to care what happens to that special place. But if you wonder what life could mean to you if the Jewish state were to go under, you probably are Jewish. The sense of a deep personal tie (short of actually going to live there) is distinctive to Jewish Americans.

Second, there is the memory of the destruction of European Jewry, six million of them among some 15 million European civilians in World War II. An abiding sense of insecurity, an enduring question-mark—these are the psychological stigmata of that awful passion of the Jewish people.

These are special (though not unique). There are general concerns as well. The Jews are mainly a middle-class group, so threats to the order and stability of the country unsettle them. The Jews have learned the lessons of twentieth century history (perhaps later than the Poles or Latvians or Lithuanians, but they have learned). They share the growing foreboding that this country no longer enjoys approximate equality with its enemies. In short, the Jews realize that chaos in world affairs, as at home, is a threat to world order. The absence of a cogent "theory" of foreign policy, the failure of a sense of self and self-interest—these impress this astute and highly educated group. For the lessons of memory favor a stable, orderly community. Jews are victims of mobs, whether mobs in the streets or mobs formed into nations united against them, as at the UN. A strong America, in command of its place in the world, the purposeful leader of a reasoned alliance—that strikes Jewish Americans (in a paradoxical way, to be sure) as a special Jewish concern, even as everyone knows it is everyone's concern.

If these observations seem altogether rational, they are, indeed, too rational. For if the polls are to be believed, it appears that a remarkably high proportion of Jews propose this time around to abandon the two-party system altogether.

Anderson is supposed to exercise a particular appeal to Jewish-American voters. A creature of the mass media, that candidacy, if it attains any measure of success, promises little short of chaos for American politics. The remnants of the institutional support for politics afforded by the two-party system would be swept away in an Anderson victory. What would be left for our system if not a Poujade next time—or a Hitler of 1932? The wheels of the parties grind slow, with their caucuses, conventions, and primaries. But they grind exceeding small. They protect us in their slow deliberation. The whim of the moment is apt to fade away, long before the final choice is laid before the voters. If I had to specify one danger above all confronting marginal people, who must live with the nightmares of pariahs, it is the collapse of the vast, strengthening, stabilizing coalitions of our two-party system. That judgment stands against the present popularity of the *tertium quid*. I think Jews would be wise to pay more attention to lasting institutions and the long-term protection afforded by them.

Mr. Neusner is a professor in the Department of Religious Studies at Brown University.

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From institutions we turn to issues. *The* issue—I mean, policy toward the State of Israel—is not going to change many votes. All three candidates have played Going to Jerusalem. The music has not yet stopped. None is apt, before November 4, to find himself without a suitable chair. What happens afterward—who knows? On the one side we have the ritual obeisances. On the other, we have the policies of the years beyond—of 1961, 1965, 1969, 1973, 1977, 1981. Then the music really does stop. En route to Jerusalem, it could be that the Jews will find themselves sitting on the floor. For no one imagines that American policy toward the State of Israel can be governed by a tiny minority of the population, however vigorous and well-organized its support. In the end everyone knows that strategy counts. Nor do Jewish voters want American policy toward the State of Israel to run counter to American interests: they too are Americans.

In this context they listen with special care to the *reasoning* behind the pro-Israel positions. The positions of the principals are for now. But the reasoning (if any) that produces those positions will govern. A pro-Israeli position such as Governor Reagan has outlined, with stress on the strategic value of the State of Israel within the geopolitical frame of America's perspective, in the end will prove more persuasive than assurances added to assurances to buttress an uneven record. For everyone knows that in the affairs of nations there are no friends, only interests, and (as China has shown us) alliances rest upon something other than mere sentiment.

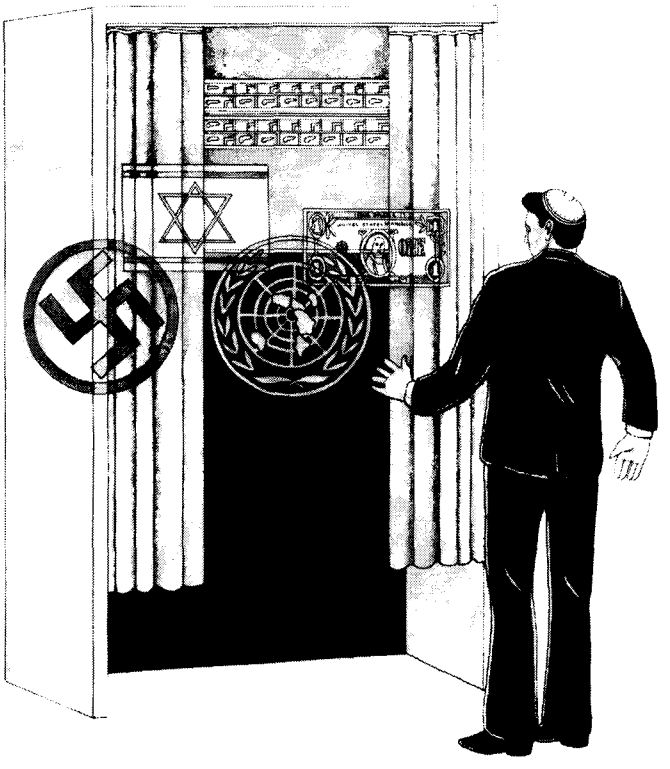
Indeed, a still more compelling issue is whether America's policy toward Israel matters at all. I mean, in the absence of a coherent and encompassing "theory" of the world as a whole, what difference does it make, or can it make, whether the State of Israel is deemed strategically important or peripheral? Absent any strategy at all, it hardly matters. If, further, we lack not only a theory of the world, but a will for our own place in the world, if we swing from this side to that side, explaining the wind as our own will, then who cares what our strategy may be? For it will change, anyhow, when we confront some fresh catastrophe to explain away. Strong support from a weak America, total commitment from a country without commitments even to itself—what use are these to the State of Israel?

But Jewish Americans live *here*. While no candidate indifferent to the State of Israel is apt to win much attention from them, no candidate can have their votes solely by situating himself at the Western Wall. There are concerns at home. These are compelling. Let me take one apt not to be widely understood as special to Jews (as indeed it is not). The American Jewish community has built a massive infrastructure of organizations and institutions. Given the terrible costs of inflation to everyone, I am somewhat embarrassed to point out that inflation also has endangered the entire vast panoply of synagogues, schools, seminaries, fraternal and communal organizations, hospitals, and national organizations, from the center to the farthest fringes. These organizations (and their counterparts everywhere) may be small and peripheral. But they do add up to the inner mode of life for Jewish Americans (as their counterparts do for others). They cannot go on as they have, any more than their counterparts in the other important sectors of American private life can go on as they have.

Inflation has called into question the possibility of a continuing and active life for the private sector of public life. Without the continued prosperity of that private sector, we face the end of countervailing institutions and agencies; we live utterly naked before the all-powerful state. For after all, the state can print money. But private schools, hospitals, seminaries, fraternal and communal organizations, and all the rest—they can only try to raise it. Ruined by the printing press, they raise it not by collecting taxes from unwilling citizens, but solely by raising contributions from willing donors. But if people continue to face higher and higher prices for basic necessities, they cannot also contribute to the (necessarily) ever larger budgets of the voluntary and service organizations of the Jewish community. (I need hardly add, the same crisis confronts the rest of non-profit and private-sector life in this country.)

What we face at home is the clear possibility of the end of organized Jewish community life. Already inflation has ravaged the cultural life of the Jewish community, with the great national institutions of learning and culture living ever

No one imagines that American policy toward the State of Israel can be governed by a tiny minority of the population, however vigorous and well-organized



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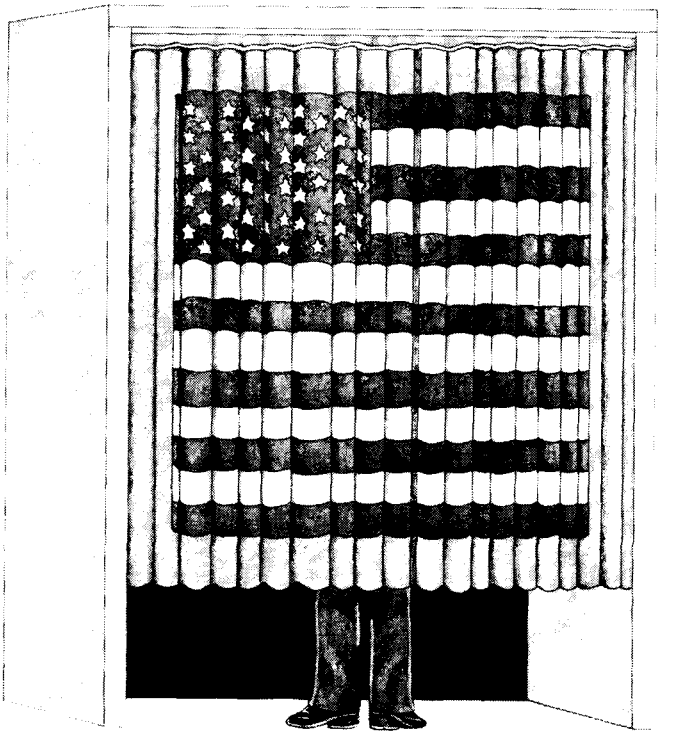
Inflation is not understood as a threat to the collective life of those important social groups in America formed around religious, cultural, and ethnic realities. But it is

more from day to day. Already the service agencies, such as B'nai B'rith, have had to reduce drastically their services to college students, cut back on their programs in the local communities, and trim to the bone—and into the marrow—even their national staffs.

Inflation is not yet understood as a threat to the ongoing collective life of those important social groups in American society formed around religious, cultural, and ethnic realities. But it is. For without institutions and organizations to give direction and substance to the life of such groups, what is left but inchoate sentiment? A society of shared sentiment, a community of fate, such as Jews make up, goes for nought. Only when woven together with threads of sustaining life—centers and synagogues, philanthropies and inner politics—does the sentiment find substance, the community form and purpose. Once more I stress: inflation counts more important victims than a Jewish school (or a Slovak old people's home, or a Polish social club). But let these lesser victims too be remembered, in the general slaughter of that other structure, the one between the wholly private and the utterly bureaucratic, which Americans, Jews among them, have nurtured through the whole of their history. We are supposed to be a nation of joiners. Inflation will leave us with little left to join.

There is yet another concern at home, captured in diverse ways even though it is one. For Roman Catholics (but not for them alone) that concern is expressed in the symbols of the Right-to-Life movement. For Evangelicals and other conservative Protestants (and not for them alone) it finds its language in opposition to pornography and reaffirmation of the values of family and home. I am not entirely certain how to phrase the same set of concerns in ways responsive to what is in the troubled heart of the Jewish community of this country. With more than its share among the young folk of the new religions of the day, suffering along with others from the substitution of career and self in place of having and raising children, the Jewish community has yet to find a way to speak to this same sense of a good people and a good society in danger. But the concern is very present and should come to the surface.

The Jews are a very conservative community. They are aging. They are concerned to be able to live in their homes and walk on the streets. They wonder at what they see. They fear. Now you may call this "the social issue," and speak in general terms of family, neighborhood, work. But we Jews have a word which captures much: *menschlichkeit*, a concern for fundamental humanity and decency. No candidate stands against humanity and decency; the two national parties are great because, in the end, they stand for building and maintaining a *menschlich* country.



But when people find themselves called into politics to defend fetal life, to speak in the arena of public policy about family and home, about having children and raising them in a proper and decent way, we must ask ourselves why. I am inclined to look for the answer in the general sense that public policy has provoked the crisis. So the arena of public discourse and political action is the place in which to confront it.

At the outset I questioned the notion of "the Jewish vote." By now I have shown that nearly all elements of the platform suitably addressed to "the Jewish vote" speak to everyone else as well. I see no special Jewish concern for public *menschlichkeit*, for sustaining a society fit for humanity, for finding an ample place in that society for all Americans. I recognize no particular Jewish involvement in the crisis of inflation, for it hits us all equally. I perceive no distinctive Jewish angle on foreign policy, on defense policy, on economic policy, any more than did Jeremiah long ago. He advised the Jews who had been exiled to Babylon in the destruction of the Temple in 586 B.C.: "Seek the welfare of the city where I have sent you into exile, and pray to the Lord on its behalf, *for in its welfare you will find your welfare.*" What is good for America is good for Jewish Americans—equally, and under all circumstances.

A stable, orderly, decent society, with ample place for everyone, and adequate provision for blacks and others with a history of exclusion and oppression; a society in which women have equal opportunity alongside men and in which human life is valued; above all, a society in which people different from the majority are invited to cultivate and enjoy those things which make them different—this is what will win the Jewish vote, and not only in 1980. If I have made a case for Jews to support an essentially conservative public policy, it is because the Jews are an ancient people, with long memories. We have something of more than negligible worth. Ours is the work of conserving it. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Fleet Street on Reagan

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"Send In the Clowns" was the heading in the London *Daily Express* above a report from Washington at the beginning of the presidential campaign. "Smoothie Ron lines up against Dim Jim." The *Daily Express*, a great newspaper when the late Lord Beaverbrook owned it, has recently gone downmarket and been vulgarized to a lamentable extent. These headlines —the story underneath was rather more sophisticated—are not really a fair sample of the very comprehensive, and on the whole accurate, coverage which the British press and television nowadays give to American affairs (considerably more comprehensive and accurate than American coverage of British affairs): but, in a crude way, they did represent the general drift of comment on the forthcoming election and the candidates.

"Are Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan really the best that America can produce?" people asked. America, suggested one wry commentator, is turning "soft and second-rate almost without noticing the smooth descent to inferior status." When Richard Nixon was in London a little while ago, he was quite impressive on television and at several private meetings; which evoked the sour observation that things had come to a pretty pass when it was almost possible to wish Nixon back in the White House.

Prince Teddy

British media coverage of the American political scene tends to display remarkable unanimity, perhaps because so many of the correspondents have absorbed, and been absorbed by, the liberal consensus. On one point outside that consensus there has also been virtually total agreement. Teddy Kennedy was regarded in Britain as the worst and most alarming prospective candidate. His dubious record on Northern Ireland contributed to his unpopularity in Britain, but the disapproval goes much wider and deeper. The adulation with which his admirers greet him appears, from across the Atlantic, a manifestation of something unhealthy in American public life, a kind of degenerate monarchism.

President Carter was written off long ago by most British, indeed by most European, commentators as wholly inadequate for the job. They were not hostile four years ago. On the contrary, they were inclined to gush over him, and in a sense their disillusionment is unjust since it implies that he sold the American electorate—and the British commentators—a false bill, and has turned out very differently from what could have been expected. Yet surely, for anyone who saw him and heard him then with open eyes and open ears, the surprising thing is not how he has turned out but that he was ever elected in the first place. His limitations were perfectly clear in advance. Then, quite as much as now, was the time to worry about the American electoral system.

Ronald Reagan was treated initially as a joke or an oddity. Very few people in Britain had ever heard him speak, except in old movies, or knew much about him except vaguely that he was "ultra-conservative"—and therefore, by implication, needn't be taken seriously. When suddenly the commentators had to take him seriously, they were not as utterly unfair as they were to Goldwater. The degree of prejudice on that occasion was so blatant that some of them were ashamed of it afterwards, and anyway times have changed. Their characteristic approach to Reagan, again reflecting liberal attitudes in America, has been to disguise their instinctive dislike of his conservatism by concentrating on his alleged carelessness about facts and figures.

William Rees-Mogg, editor of the *Times*, provided the first substantial corrective. After watching Reagan's performance during the primaries, and listening to questions and answers which struck him as interestingly similar to current political discussions in Britain, he wrote: "Those who regard Mrs. Thatcher as a dangerous extremist will, of course, regard Mr. Reagan as one. But those who regard Mrs. Thatcher's policy as a legitimate and rational option should, I think, take the same view of Governor Reagan . . . I am not afraid of Mr. Reagan. He seems a perfectly normal kind of conservative to me."

On the other hand, one of the BBC's principal correspondents warned that despite the political blandness of the Republican Convention there were "nasty overtones, menace beneath that

AND SO, CITIZENS OF SALEM, I WILL CONDUCT A SERIOUS, SOBER, ISSUES-ORIENTED CAMPAIGN AND STAND FOR RE-ELECTION ON THE MANY MERITS OF MY PAST RECORD. FOR EXAMPLE, ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT I CAN POINT WITH PRIDE TO THE FACT THAT...UH..
...my opponent is a WITCH.

Mr. Lejeune, NR's London correspondent, has just completed a book on men's clubs.

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We don't want to give away the plot, but it's about the race with the Soviets to be first in space — and Buckley makes it a nail-biter, even though you already "know" the historic outcome (this *tour de force* seems to be what impressed many critics: it *is* a neat trick, because it makes you, the reader, impatient as all get-out to *see* how Buckley can pull it off). By the way, as a kind of bonus, Buckley also performs some fascinating stunts with dialogue between such characters as Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson — you begin to wonder if maybe he wasn't there with a tape recorder? It's great stuff, you'll love it.

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right-wing platform." Not that he was flattering about Jimmy Carter's performance at the Democratic Convention; he was properly appalled by its ineptitude. The sizable task force of British reporters and commentators who descended on New York devoted much newsprint and air-time to analyzing the incipient breakdown of the Democratic Party coalition. The evident cracks in the structure were analogous, they felt, to the more open and bitter quarrel which is rending the British Labor Party, where fundamental incompatibilities had also been concealed during the years of steady growth. (Redistribution is comparatively painless as long as nobody, or hardly anybody, is actually getting poorer.) There is a difference, however: in Britain the argument is expressed in more ideological terms; American politics are centered on, and divided around, personalities.

Carter's performance in New York was, all the British reporters agreed, a disaster; certainly the extracts carried on the television news bulletins were embarrassing to watch. Kennedy's speech impressed the reporters greatly, at least as an exercise in rhetoric: and they were intrigued and amused by his lordly upstaging of the President.

Because he was no longer in the immediate running for the Presidency, they could afford to be amused. If he had been closer to the throne, they would have been more worried by what he actually said. The Carter Administration, despite the President's own vague promise of a cornucopia ahead, has acquired a certain economic prudence—just as Britain's last Labor government was forced toward realism, until election fever overcame it. Kennedy's economics, however ("insofar," one reporter said, "as they can be dignified with any recognized school"), are those of an unreconstructed Keynesian, sadly familiar in Britain. Even those British commentators who would naturally align themselves with the left wing of the Democratic Party have progressed beyond such ruinous oversimplifications.

Talking Sense

Reporting, since then, has concentrated a good deal on Reagan's alleged gaffes. An editorial in the *Times*, reverting to the paper's traditional Center-Left position, concluded: "It is no wonder that Americans feel there has been some malfunction of their political system. The President talks perfectly good sense, but his reasonable words and good intentions are somehow converted into unsuccessful policies. Governor Reagan does not sound sensible at all. He strikes the particular note of those old gentlemen who used to say that their grandchildren could paint better than Picasso, the note of the old fuddy-duddy. In such a contest, the advantage seems to be swinging in favor of the candidate who at least appears to talk sense."

Only the staunchly conservative *Daily Telegraph* paused to wonder if the "giggling" of the Carter election camp over Reagan's unwary remarks would really "strike a sympathetic chord with the majority of Americans beyond the Eastern Seaboard." He had said, for example, that the Vietnam War was a noble cause. "So it was. A lost cause—a Democratic one, incidentally—but a noble one."

When the election campaign opened, Ladbroke's, the famous London bookmaking firm, was offering 3 to 1 against Carter and 5 to 2 on Reagan. But the wise money promptly started going on Carter; which was also the advice of British diplomats. Not that anybody recommended a heavy investment. Cynicism has been the prevailing tone of all comment. The only outcome which would take almost everyone by surprise would be if Reagan did not merely win but proved to be a very good President. □

Fun*versation*: Jimmy Carter and King Midas

Jimmy: I've come to put the touch on you, Kingo.
Midas: I just love your laid-back lingo.
Jimmy: Got a country and a brother in need of some big bucks.
Midas: Shucks,
Not to worry.
How many tons of my gold favor do you curry?
Jimmy: Check with my man Miller and get back to you,
But in my view
It's a lot.
Midas: Lot, schmot,
You got it, baby.
Jimmy: Rosalynn will be riotous; Hamilton high as a kite; maybe
Muskie'll weep with joy.
Midas: Hell, I'll make millionaires out of the whole Democratic hoi polloi.
Jimmy: The U.S. Treasury and Billy will be enough, good ol' boy King.
Midas: Nothing
For Ted?
Don't forget he showed you how to get the lead
Out of your leadership.
Jimmy: I'll whip
His assay, if he throws his weight around too much.
Midas: Coming to the matter of your touch,
Jimmy,
Gimme
Some dope on how you transmute gold into dross.
I need to turn these glittering profits into a loss,
If I want to do a simple thing again like eat.
What I crave is your reverse Midas magic, *tout de suite.*
Jimmy: Relax, Kingo. Anyone who is touched by me
Midas well go into bankruptcy.

—Johannes Eff

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THE OPEN QUESTION

The Hilarious Badness Of Playboy

RICHARD BROOKHISER

David Brudnoy's anxiety priorities are out of order. Instead of worrying whether he'll have trouble with the editors of *NR*, he (and we) should all be worrying why movies like *Deep Throat* don't have more trouble at Harvard [*NR*, Oct. 3].

I don't intend to defend the actions of District Attorney Droney; given the current state of jurisprudence, they were bound to be overturned; and I am also not sure that people who desire to see junk should be prevented from doing so by the state. Anyone with such desires, however, should realize what it is he has a taste for. What I find indefensible is the breezy attitude of the most famous university in America—a breeziness shared by Mr. Brudnoy.

Deep Throat, Mr. Brudnoy begins, is "the movie that made Linda Lovelace a household yuk-yuk word." If reviews of her recent autobiography are to be believed, it made her a good deal more than that: a sexual chattel, passed around like a party favor at the bashes of fellow household words, including Chicago meat-packer Hugh Hefner. Granted, books like hers are self-serving and sensational; granted also, every profession harbors degenerates. Brudnoy could find dozens of similar accounts in the biographies of non-pornographers. Yet surely we judge differently a profession which attracts perverts because it attracts human beings, and one whose sole purpose is to batten off perversion? Caligula's life (as Mr. Guccione discovered) was as steamy as Linda Lovelace's. Name the porn star who lives like Marcus Aurelius.

Even if *Deep Throat* could be made with soulless robots (conditions which pornographers, to be sure, are trying to approximate), it still should not be welcome at Harvard. Pornography itself is growing increasingly self-absorbed and dehumanized, and anyone who doubts it need only compare contemporary merchandise with a specimen several centuries old.

Charles Sedley's "On the Happy Corydon and Phyllis" is a typical, if mild, example of a kind of erotic pastoral turned out by the ream in the seventeenth century.

Young Corydon and Phyllis
Sat in a lovely grove,
Contriving crowns of lilies,
Repeating toys of love,
And something else, but what I dare
not name.

But as they were a-playing,
She ogled so the swain;
It saved her plainly saying
Let's kiss to ease our pain:
And something else, but what I dare
not name.

Clever readers will see where this is heading, and Sedley runs his punch line through seven more stanzas of increasing gaminess.

Compare this now with the world of *Deep Throat*—no, that's a cheap shot—with a Playmate of the Month spread from Linda Lovelace's friend's magazine, *Playboy*.

> "I'm definitely a sucker for the romantic approach," admits Vancouver-born Miss August, a statuesque blonde who also happens to have been a finalist in our Great Playmate Hunt. . . . When she's not concocting romantic scenarios, Miss August, who recently moved south to sunny Los Angeles, attends an exercise class regularly ("I'm so paranoid about getting fat—it's the most neurotic thing about me"), takes acting lessons ("I'd like to be competent in all types of acting—romance, drama, comedy, even horror"), works as a Bunny in the L.A. Club, and writes poetry—romantic poetry, of course. . . . *The intimate feeling / of your touch / your body / against mine / embraced / and protected. / Words are spared / but are not needed / because the message / is felt / mutually . . .*

What is the main difference between the two obscenities—apart from the technical competence of Sedley, and the hilarious badness of *Playboy*? Surely it is the smallness of Miss August's world. She does want to act, and she even has aspirations to be a poetess. But all this is presented as subordinate to the care and use of her body. Hers is the belt's-eye view of life. Hedonism is truth, truth hedonism—that is all you know on earth, and all you need to know.

Turning from this to Sedley is like throwing open a window. Corydon and Phyllis are cartoon figures living in a fantasy world of nymphs and swains and classical names. Yet their very artificiality implies the existence of other realms of experience. These dalliances, these "toys," are part of life, Sedley seems to be saying, but not all of it. Miss August and Sedley (and Shakespeare) know that *between the acres of the rye, / these pretty country folk would lie*. But Miss August doesn't know what motivates Marina, or even Othello (why get angry over a handkerchief, when there are things like fat to be paranoid about?). Her world isn't human enough. She lacks the options.

And Miss August is the best, short of genius, the modern pornographers have to offer—the cream of the crop, the bust and the brightest. The gradient beyond *Playboy* is long and steep—passing, along the way, such things as *Deep Throat*.

What place, if this analysis is correct, does *Deep Throat* have in a community of scholars, carrying on the best of Western civilization? The answer is: None—which is no problem, because Harvard is not such a community. It is a staging area for raids on the treasuries of law firms and medical clinics—a glorified vocational school with a three-hundred-year pedigree. Why clutter the heads of its scholars with such perplexities? They will earn their nut better without them.

Let me repeat: I am not in favor of calling in the *polizei*. I am not even arguing, here, that in an ideal society, no one would have the *Deep Throat* experience. I am only urging that we identify things by their right names—something neither the conventional wisdom of Harvard nor Mr. Brudnoy seems disposed to do. □

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THE CONDO OPTION: IS IT RIGHT FOR YOU?

As anyone who has been house hunting can tell you, houses are expensive. They can also be costly and time-consuming to maintain. As a result, many people are turning to condominiums as an affordable alternative. During the last decade, the total number of condo units has increased nearly tenfold, to over 2 million units, and most experts expect the condo trend to continue.

WHAT IS A CONDOMINIUM?

A condominium is a form of ownership in which you own your unit as well as an interest in the common property and community facilities. Condo fees are charged to each owner for the upkeep of the common property and payment of other common expenses. Condos can be any size or style, including apartments, townhouses and even single family homes.

WHO'S BUYING CONDOS?

The list of condo owners includes all kinds of people—single and married, young and elderly, with and without children, suburbanites and city dwellers.

The children of the post-war baby boom, now in their 20s and 30s, are already house hunting in force, or will be soon. With higher house prices and fewer rental units available, many of these people will be looking at condos.

COST AND RESALE VALUE

In 1979, the average price of a condo was about $57,000, compared with about $65,000 for a new single family home. And the resale value of condos has been increasing almost as quickly as the resale value of houses.

FINANCING A CONDO

Financing a condo is like financing a house in most respects. Whether you qualify for a mortgage depends on many factors: your income, your credit history and the prevailing interest rates.

You may have to shop around a little more for condo financing, because not every lender will be interested in making a loan in the condo community where you want to buy. The lender is, in a sense, investing in the whole condominium, not just in your unit, so he must research and evaluate the entire project. It may not be worth the time and expense for only one loan.

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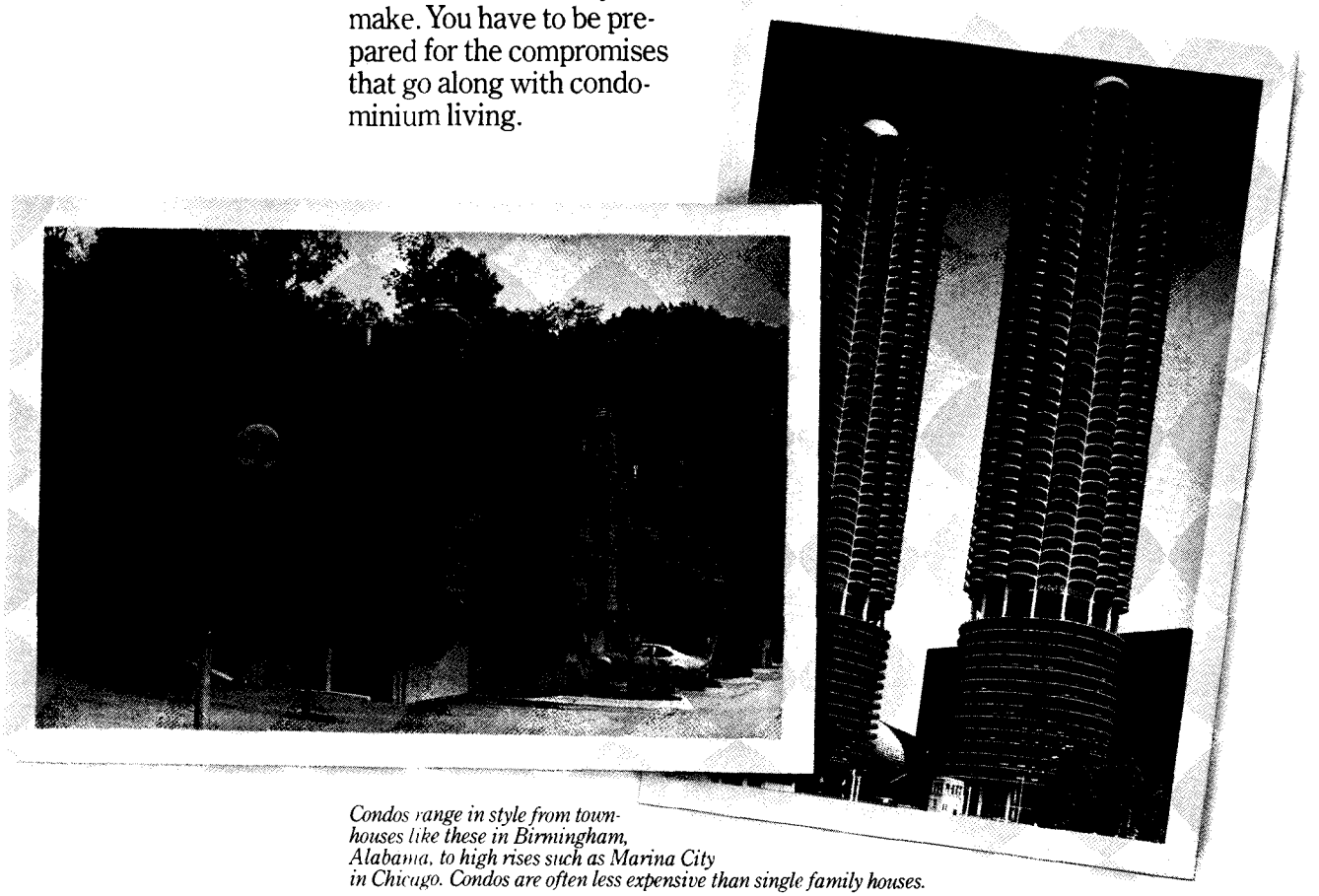
ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

Before you buy into a condo, weigh the advantages and disadvantages. Owning a condo unit entitles you to all the tax benefits of homeownership: your mortgage interest payments and property tax can be deducted from your taxable income. And you're relieved of many responsibilities: the condo's management company usually maintains the exterior of the building and grounds.

But remember, condos aren't for everyone. Despite individual ownership of the units, you're only one of many voting members in the condo community. The majority rules on such matters as whether pets are allowed and what alterations you can make. You have to be prepared for the compromises that go along with condominium living.



Condos range in style from townhouses like these in Birmingham, Alabama, to high rises such as Marina City in Chicago. Condos are often less expensive than single family houses.

QUESTIONS WORTH ASKING

Condo ownership can be somewhat more complex than home ownership. So ask a lot of questions about how the condominium is managed, about the builder's reputation, about the quality and condition of the plumbing, electrical and heating systems. Make sure the condo's budget provides an adequate reserve fund for unexpected major expenses (a leaky roof, a bad furnace, etc.).

It is a good idea to have a knowledgeable attorney go over the key legal documents with you. You don't want to be surprised after you've signed on the dotted line.

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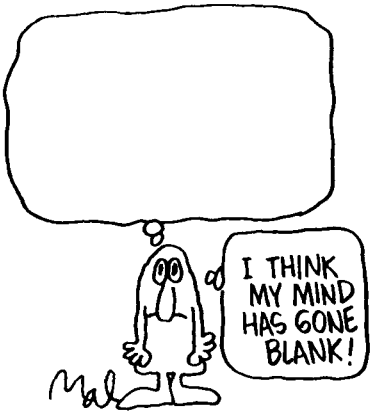
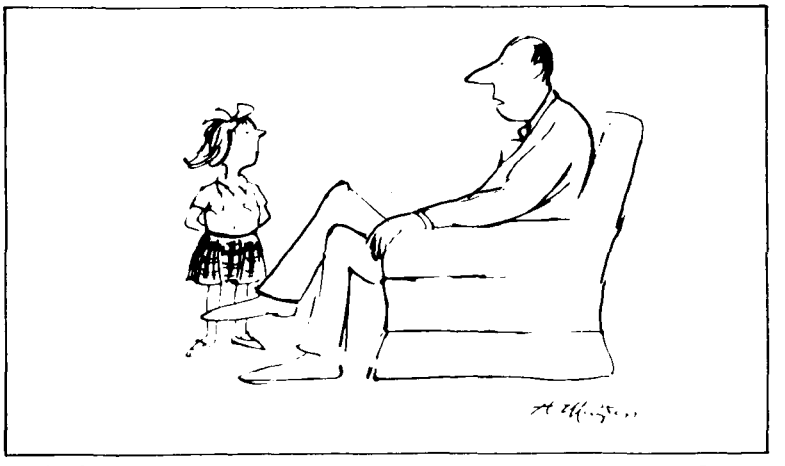
help !!!!

A Storehouse of Value

I own a clock Seth Thomas built.
The works are wooden, and the gilt,
Meticulously stenciled on,
Suggests a craftsmanship long gone.
In 1830 it was sold
For $15; now it's old,
Worn, faded, banged about and brings
Six hundred if the auction swings.
So I'll just keep it on the wall
And contemplate the dollar's fall.

W. H. VON DREELE





Martin, *Punch* Rothco

"Little girls grow up and have careers because that's what little girls do."

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Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph*

"We'd like a two-minute silence for the August banking figures . . ."

Ford, *Punch* Rothco

"Of course, there was a certain amount of local opposition."

MACNELLY/THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. ©1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
I am disappointed in my opponent...
I had hoped that by now we would be engaged in a useful discussion of the issues....
But, instead, Governor Reagan,...who hates poor folks, and wants to...
ENSLAVE BLACKS AND HISPANICS (JUS' LIKE NIXON DID),...
AND BLOW UP THE WORLD,...
...has resorted to a campaign of slurs and innuendo which insults the intelligence of all Americans...

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What Makes The Poles Different?

THE POLES HAVE shown the world that Marxism is the ideology of half-baked, middle-class intellectuals, and not of the workers that it purports to serve—a lesson which, alas, will be lost on all too many labor leaders in Western Europe.

What sort of people are these Poles? It is important to remember that Poland, when it was united with Lithuania, was the largest European country apart from Russia. At the height of its glory in the fourteenth century, it extended from the Baltic nearly to the Black Sea. Berlin was not far from its western border; Moscow not far from its eastern border. The Poles almost conquered Russia, and they saved Vienna from the Turks in 1683. Had Vienna fallen, the voice of a muzzein might today sound from Notre Dame cathedral, as it does from the Gothic ex-cathedral of Nikosia.

Nobility in a Hut

Poland in those days had a large, mostly alien burgher class, and also a very large class of untitled nobility, amounting to 8 to 10 per cent of the population—a higher percentage than anywhere else in Europe. Some of the noblemen lived like simple peasants, others were enormously rich, but nonetheless they formed *una eademque nobilitas*—one and the same nobility. A proverb held that "The little nobleman in his hut is equal to the wealthy magnate." Poland was infinitely more tolerant of religious minorities than were adjoining countries. There were large communities of the various reformed faiths, including Unitarians.

But it was this spirit of nobility imbued in every Pole, coupled with great personal pride, individualism, and a fierce love of freedom, that eventually led to Poland's downfall. In 1572 Poland became an elective monarchy, officially termed a *Rzeczpespolita* (commonwealth or republic) rather than a kingdom. A powerful Diet briefly made it a constitutional monarchy as well, but the Diet's rules soon evolved to the point that, in the seventeenth century, the veto of a single deputy could annul the decisions of the Diet. These exorbitant "liberalizations," along with unusual restrictions imposed on an already limited royal power, led to a fatal weakening of the realm. Since Poland's last two elected kings were Polish noblemen, not related to any other dynasty, they did not belong to the closely knit fabric of European ruling families. This made it easy for adjoining countries to move in on Poland without endangering the monarchical ideal.

There were three partitions of Poland in the eighteenth century. The Russians took the lion's share in these partitions; then, in 1814, they annexed the very heart of Poland, including Warsaw, the capital.

The Central Powers were planning, after the defeat of Russia in World War I, to revive a Polish kingdom consisting roughly of the Austrian and Russian shares from the 1814 partition; but the victory of the Western allies gave Poland an even better chance—at least for the moment—when it was accorded most (though not all) of the Prussian share from the first three partitions. However, Poland was soon enmeshed in a crucial war with the new Soviet Union, in which the Polish armies, after initial successes that saw them even liberate Kiev, had to retreat to the very gates of Warsaw. There, thanks to the genius of General Joseph Pilsudski, the Russians were routed in August 1920 and retreated eastward. Had Pilsudski not triumphed, the Red Army might easily have cut through northern Germany; Europe might have become Communist at least as far as the Rhine. This was the second time in modern history that Poland saved the West.

Pilsudski is interesting in many ways. By origin a Lithuanian nobleman, he belonged to the Socialist Party, as did quite a number of the nobility. These men were convinced that Poland's regeneration and reunion were possible only if all classes and layers would cooperate in a quite un-Polish team spirit. The Russians had made every effort to split the Poles socially, favoring the non-political peasantry over the landowners and burghers. The non-Marxist and nationalistic Socialists, aware that super-individualism is the great Polish weakness, tried to prevent such a schism. However, one faction of these Socialists threatened a schism of their own by persisting in a leftist course; when Pilsudski became Poland's dictator, he locked some of them up, even though they had been his associates.

The Irish Connection

The old Commonwealth had been a multinational and multi-denominational empire. In fact, prior to the partitions, the Polish upper classes, much influenced by the French Enlightenment, had been lukewarm in their faith. But foreign oppression changed this radically. During the long partitions, Poles acquired narrowly nationalistic "tribal" traits. Deprived of a state or government of their own, they had to identify through language and through a religion which distinguished them from their occupiers, the Lutheran Prussians and the Orthodox Russians. Thus they became a Catholic nation *par excellence*, in much the same way as the Irish.

All in all, the Poles remained an essentially aristocratic nation: *every* Pole wants to be a nobleman. The Poles will indeed never be "proletarians" or slaves. Pride, arrogance, absolutism of thought, and "lack of realism" are qualities which, oddly enough, sometimes pay off.

This time in Gdansk the Poles miraculously went as far as it was wise to go, and no further. The workers (whom Marx had selected to carry out his destructive reveries) heeded the advice of their cardinal and tried to achieve what they could without inviting brutal Russian occupation, which would have led to a furious resistance and a massacre —another 1968 only worse, because Good Soldier Schweik is a Czech, not a Polish, legendary figure.

There is iron in the Polish soul. Poles want to live in dignity and independence. Whatever the future developments (let us not indulge in facile optimism), they have struck the most powerful blow so far against Bolshevism. □

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THIRTY YEARS LATER

The differences between Washington and Seoul may well be explained by one fact: the North Korean army is poised only 25 miles north of Seoul, waiting for an opportunity to ravage the city as it did in 1950

Korea's Protracted Conflict

LINDA BRIDGES

THE CENTRAL fact in Korea today is something that happened thirty years ago.

On June 25, 1950, at 4 o'clock in the morning, ninety thousand North Korean troops, supported by tanks, heavy artillery, and Soviet-made Yak fighter planes, poured across the 38th Parallel. Seoul was taken in three days; within a month the survivors among the South Korean troops had been pushed back into an enclave in the extreme southeast of the peninsula, around the port city of Pusan. Slowly, as men and matériel arrived from the United States, the tide began to turn; and with MacArthur's masterstroke—the Inchon landing—came new hope, that South Korea would be able not only to reverse her losses, but to liberate the North as well. The Truman Administration, however, foreshadowing so much of our later foreign policy, made the decision to fight only a limited war, for a return to the *status quo ante*.

To many, this seems like ancient history: the "Korean conflict" ended 27 years ago, with the Armistice Agreement signed at Panmunjom. But over every news story filed from South Korea today lies the shadow of that war—a war which never has ended.

I visited South Korea late this spring (as a guest of the Korean Lions Club), just before the thirtieth anniversary of the outbreak of the war, and just after the Kwangju riots: a symbolic junction of the principal themes in South Korea today.

I had heard that South Korea is, among Asian nations, particularly accessible to Westerners—especially Americans—and so I found it. (Actually, Seoul reminded me more than a little of my hometown, Los Angeles). Much of Seoul was destroyed between June 25 and June 28, 1950, so new buildings have grown up around the old. In fact, there are three time-layers here: traditional, fourteenth century Korean, the brightly painted buildings still looking remarkably cheerful even when a traffic jam has grown up around them; a nineteenth century French look imported during the Japanese occupation; and, dominating the skyline, modern urban.

In the people, also, new and old coexist. It seems as if half the population of South Korea, whole extended-family groups of them, gather on Sunday afternoons at the Folk Village—a large park *cum* outdoor architectural museum about twenty miles outside of Seoul—to stroll around and have their picnics. The mixture of the people is as striking as the sheer number of them: about half are modern-looking, with Western clothing and citified manners; the other half (and often a single family group will contain both) are clearly country people, ranging from farmers to country-lawyer types straight out of Kipling or Maugham.

On the smaller back streets of Seoul, there is an amazing melange of traffic: pedestrians and bicycles, automobiles and people pushing huge wheelbarrows or carrying wooden pack-frames on their backs. But they get along very well together—the cars use their horns a great deal, but they don't try to bully or push the more vulnerable traffic aside; they just slowly nose their way through, waiting for the people to part around them.

This combination of a strong traditionalism with an easy-going tolerance of things foreign and modern derives largely, I learned, from Korea's Confucian underpinnings. Confucianism has made Korean society very cohesive, without being exclusionary or xenophobic—like a big family that can welcome a stranger in without feeling its own strict sense of identity threatened.

Superimposed upon this Confucian background is South Korea's peculiar geographical/political position. This is impressed upon the visitor again and again, starting with the sign at Kimpo Airport that reads: "Warmest welcome to this country! Your attention is in-

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vited to the situation where the cease-fire line is just forty kilometers away north of Seoul. . . ." But perhaps the clearest view of this situation is gained by a visit to Panmunjom.

Panmunjom is an easy journey from Seoul—the trip takes about an hour by bus, perhaps a little less than that by modern Soviet tank. As you drive along Highway 1 north of Seoul, you notice some cement structures over the road every few miles—they look like overpasses, but they don't seem to connect with anything. Tank barriers, I was told—detonatable from Seoul. (Highway 1 is also known as "the Main Invasion Route.") But throughout the trip—even after you cross the Imjin River, which is in effect the boundary between the front line and the rest of the country—you see farmers working unconcernedly in their rice paddies.

Our tour of the DMZ started with the building where the North-South talks are held; there, staring sardonically at us through the window, were two North Korean soldiers. We were then driven out to the "Bridge of No Return," so called because it was the exchange point for prisoners who were repatriated at the end of the war. Just a few yards south of it is the tree, now a bare stump, which was the focus of an international incident four years ago: when a work party guarded by a small detachment of UNC (United Nations Command) soldiers attempted to prune the tree, they were set upon by a much larger group of axe-wielding North Korean soldiers, who bludgeoned two of our men to death.

From there, we went back to Camp Kitty Hawk for lunch, and then were turned over to a South Korean guide, Major Chung, for the descent into the tunnel. This is one of the infiltration tunnels the North Koreans have dug under the DMZ and, with magnificent effrontery, claim are *South* Korean tunnels dug to infiltrate *them*. This tunnel is quite roomy: capable, military experts say, of accommodating thirty thousand fully equipped soldiers per hour. It is one of three tunnels that have been found; according to North Korean defectors, there are still at least six more.

Camp Kitty Hawk has a character of its own: it is front-line, and proud of it. The men who serve there are all volunteers; about half the front-line ROK (Republic of Korea) soldiers have had combat experience, in Vietnam. One journalist asked whether the soldiers at Camp Kitty Hawk got extra pay. No, said Captain Snow: the men regard it a *privilege* to serve there. However, they do get two days off for every four days on, because of the psychological strain of dealing with the constant barrage of hostility from across the border—a hostility that we had felt, though very briefly, from the two North Korean guards who watched our every move.

There is simply no comparison between South Korea's military preparedness now and thirty years ago. Then, as General Lee Hon-kon (former chairman of the ROK Joint Chiefs of Staff, and now chairman of the Korean Anti-Communist League) put it, South Korea was "like a baby sleeping in the dawn, when a well-armed gangster breaks in." In the spring of 1950, the South had 95,000 troops; the North had over 250,000. The South had 27 armored cars; the North had 250 heavy tanks. The difference in firepower was 1 to 10. But after the first disastrous rout, the South Koreans dug in their heels; and soon the U.S. came to their rescue.

There is a Korean saying: 'After rain, the soil is hardened'—and South Korea came through this particular storm hard as nails

What finally happened is, of course, still a matter of debate among military and political historians: Who was right, MacArthur or Truman? A sizable minority of young Koreans would disagree, but everyone over thirty I talked to, whether pro- or anti-government or carefully straddling the fence, believed that if MacArthur's views had prevailed, the map would look very different today: their own country united, Indochina free, the Soviet Union and Red China beleaguered. As Yun Po-sun (now an opponent of the government, he was president briefly between Syngman Rhee and Park Chung-hee) said: "Unfortunately, you cannot repeat an historical experiment. However, . . . if General MacArthur's great strategy had been supported by the Western leaders, we would not have had the historical tragedy we see today."

As it was, the fighting was halted along what is still the Military Demarcation Line, and, on July 27, 1953, the Korean Armistice Agreement was signed by representatives of the United Nations Command, the North Korean People's Army, and the Chinese People's Volunteers. It has never been replaced by a permanent peace treaty.

Although the Military Demarcation Line runs more or less along the pre-war dividing line, the 38th Parallel, the war did not in fact produce the *status quo ante*. There is a Korean saying: "After rain, the soil is hardened"—and South Korea came through this particular storm as hard as nails. The ROK soldiers—as they demonstrated in Vietnam—are among the best in the world. But the ROK Army is still not equipped with all the latest in airplanes and sophisticated weaponry: these remain under U.S. control.

The U.S. has some 39,000 troops stationed in South Korea—only about 6 per cent of the total UNC fighting force. Their chief function is not to provide numerical strength but to act as a pledge of good faith. This is why any mention of troop withdrawals is regarded in Seoul as a threat to change our special relationship with South Korea.

South Koreans are acutely conscious that if we had not stepped in thirty years ago, they would not be able to talk to us today: those who were still living would be shut up tight in Kim Il-sung's country-sized slave camp. As Chung Il-kwon, Commander-in-Chief of the ROK Armed Forces in the war, told me: "According to our tradition, we have many, many things to pay back to your people." Korea is not like some other allies: "We just survive or die with the United States—no other way."

In several of the retired military men I talked to, I sensed a certain wariness, as if they were desperately *willing* us to keep faith with them. As General Kim Yun-gun put it: "Without your help we're already like Saigon—and Japan is maybe like Finland."

Our government is in a particularly tough position as regards South Korea. It wants to use its leverage to bring about a more democratic, less authoritarian government there, and almost every dispatch emanating from the South Korean desk in the State Department will be a statement concerning human rights. But what MacArthur said about

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U.S. military policy in 1950 seems to be true of U.S. diplomacy today: it is framed by people with little knowledge of Asian culture. As one Westerner who has lived in the Orient put it, our State Department seems to have given the Koreans assurances of support in private, and then tried to satisfy our own notions about human rights by lecturing them in public—causing them to lose face and, hence, resent our interference.

Though we share South Korea's military burden, she must devote an inordinate amount of her own resources to defense (6 per cent of GNP, about a third of the government's budget). Nevertheless, she has, as most of us know, achieved an industrial economy which, while it can't be compared to Japan's or West Germany's, is definitely in the second rank in world standings. What few remember is from what point South Korea began in 1953: a half-country, whose forcibly separated twin had virtually all the natural resources in the peninsula, and which was devastated by the three-year war. She had no industrial tradition of her own and had had to absorb over a million destitute refugees from the North. The military war ended in a draw; the economic war is an undisputed victory for the South.

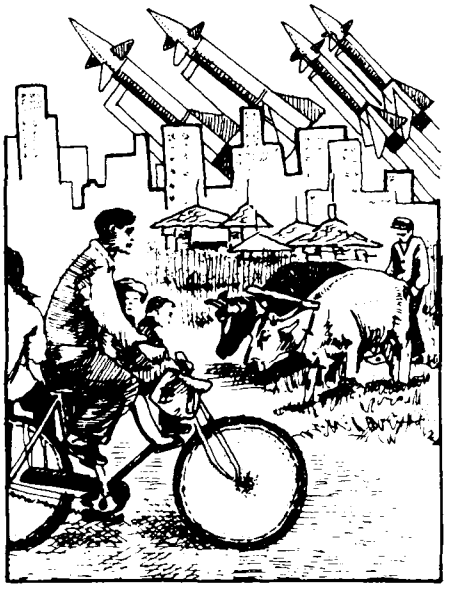
But, a year or so ago, the economy started to go sour. Rising oil prices and world-wide inflation (South Korea has to import 100 per cent of her oil, and a great deal of other raw materials as well), Red China's invasion of the unskilled-labor export market, restrictions on imports by Korea's major trading partners, especially the U.S.—all these combined with what a Korean businessman calls the "thinness" of the Korean economy to create severe stagflation. In the first quarter of 1980 South Korea experienced minus growth for the first time in 16 years, while inflation was roaring along at an annual rate of 48 per cent (it is expected to be over 20 per cent for the whole year), and unemployment was at nearly 6 per cent, a dangerous level in a non-welfare state.

Government interventionism did not help either; but now those who feel that the government can help the economy most by getting out of its way have been given a turn at bat. Meanwhile, the government has stopped giving businessmen preferential loans, a practice which had led to political corruption as well as bad investment decisions.

Then there is the question of whom to trade with. Many Koreans regard the Japanese as unprincipled economic opportunists. They find it particularly incensing that the Japanese trade freely with the Soviets and the Red Chinese—North Korea's patrons. The new breed of South Korean economists, meanwhile, tend to take a more relaxed view. Since 1972, Seoul has had few qualms about trading with what are designated "non-hostile socialist countries"—and the category of "hostile" has dwindled to the point where it consists almost exclusively of North Korea.

It is the nature of this particular "hostile socialist country" that shapes so much of South Korea's special situation. Although we in the West hear of dissidence in the Soviet Union and even Red China, we hear of none in North Korea; a country needs a certain minimum of openness even to produce organized dissidence, and in North Korea there are no Orlovs, no Shcharanskys. More foreign visitors arrive each day at Seoul's Kimpo Airport than arrive in Pyongyang in a year; and the Westerners who *have* been there mostly profess amazement. Kurt Waldheim said, upon returning last year from Pyongyang to Seoul, that it was like "coming back to 1979 from 1984."

There is a generation gap within the South, between those who do and those who do not remember the war. But it is nothing compared to the generation gap between North and South. Ethnically and linguistically, they are the same. But, as I was told by Lee Dong-bok, one of South Korea's principal North Korea watchers, "the changes wrought by being three decades apart transcend this similarity." The North Koreans are still living in the 1940s. One of the slogans with which the North seeks to inspire her people goes: "Be like the anti-Japanese guerrilla fighter when you are at work or at study."



But even this isolation and Orwellian thought-control have not completely stifled dissent. There are two groups which Lee believes might turn their backs on Kim Il-sung or his son and designated successor, Kim Jong-il: 1) "a very sizable group of North Korean people who have been educated in orthodox Marxism-Leninism" and who find Kim Il-sung's extreme personality cult—including his treating the succession as an hereditary matter—very irksome; 2) "those people whom we can categorize as technocrats," who are fed up with the inefficiencies of the Party bureaucracy, and who also resent the "staggering amount of resources being devoted to the dream of Communizing South Korea." Their hand will be strengthened by the miserable state of the North Korean economy.

Meanwhile, on the political front, there are the recurring attempts to hold "unification talks." Actually, no one really hopes (or fears) that these talks will lead to unification within the foreseeable future. Exactly what they are intended for short of that, though, remains one of the fundamental difficulties. The South is interested in talking about inter-Korean relations: relaxing tensions, permitting more contact between families separated by the border, working on joint humanitarian programs, and so on. The North is interested in discussing internal matters—*Southern* internal matters; specifically, it wants Seoul to legalize the Communist Party.

Even South Korea's internal problems are connected with the North. A shorthand term for the conflict between the government and its domestic adversaries is "national security *v.* democracy." To a large extent (although with plenty of exceptions in both directions), which side of this issue a Korean will come down on depends on which side of the "generation gap" he is on. On one side are those who have seen the face of Communism and are concerned above

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all to prevent their country from ever being conquered by it; on the other, those who believe that their elders, by fighting for too long against this enemy, have come in some ways to resemble him. They believe the older generation's obsession with national security is at odds with the very freedom they are fighting for. (Actually, the generation gap seems to apply even within the dissident ranks: the elder statesman of the dissident movement, Yun Po-sun, is dedicated to Western-style political freedom, but he fully understands and gives more than lip-service to the need for a strong defense.) What happened in Kwangju, abstracted from all personal motives on either side—ambition, rowdiness, love of the power of either governing or disrupting government—was the enactment of the clash between these two sides.

The demonstrations in Kwangju broke out after the government responded to major student demonstrations in Seoul by extending martial law throughout the country, closing the universities, and arresting opposition leader Kim Dae-jung, a favorite son of South Cholla Province, of which Kwangju is the capital. (Kim has since been found guilty of sedition and sentenced to death; as this goes to press, his appeal has not been ruled on.) Local police, reinforced by a detachment of paratroopers, resisted the demonstrators; most accounts agree that they exercised restraint in their use of firearms, but far too little restraint in other ways: those widely circulated photos of soldiers bludgeoning and kicking demonstrators apparently did not represent isolated instances.

The students had expected a lifting of various restrictions on freedom of expression and political activity after President Park's death; and after a brief, euphoric period during which Kim Dae-jung, among others, started gearing up for a promised election, the government was suddenly clamping down again. At the same time, although there had been a great deal of grumbling about the required ten-day military training for young men, most of them had complied. They felt that they had kept their part of the bargain, and now it was up to the government to end martial law.

To the government, it was the students who provoked the clamp-down. The Seoul disturbances were serious, and Kwangju, before it ended, had gone from a demonstration to an insurrection: the three to four thousand guns the students captured included M-16s and machine guns; some of the wilder rioters were ramming police barricades with commandeered buses and trucks.

The government says it had evidence that the North knew of the impending riots and was preparing to take advantage of them. (U.S. intelligence poohpoohs these claims.) The government cites unusual troop movements, unusual activity on the part of North Korean naval vessels, and frequent conferences among high-level officers. The North was beaming daily instructions in code to underground agents in place in the South; in the month of May, North Korean radio—the Voice of the Revolutionary Unification Party—made over 1,700 broadcasts to the South agitating for civil disobedience. In addition, Seoul received an intelligence report from an ally in April that North Korea knew there was going to be an incident soon in South Korea.

Seoul got an intelligence report from an ally in April that North Korea knew there was going to be an incident soon in South Korea

But all this duly taken into account, does that mean South Korea should have to, or can, live forever as not just a "democracy at war," in Chun Doo-hwan's phrase, but a garrison state?

Western sensibilities aside, the South Korean government cannot ignore the sensibilities of its own people. Several South Koreans told me that a strong majority of their countrymen put stability and security first, and nothing I learned gave me cause to doubt that. Nonetheless, South Korea made a decision a couple of decades ago which, from what these same people told me, few Koreans would be willing to go back on: the decision to become a modern industrialized country. That kind of country requires an educated managerial and entrepreneurial elite. It can't turn its back on its intellectual minority, nor can it expect them to confine their intelligence to practical matters and not ask political questions.

Historically, as Yun Po-sun points out, Korea's Confucianism dictated that duty from subjects to emperor was balanced by responsibility from emperor to subjects, including the reponsibility to consider their opinions and to redress their grievances.

However, Korea has nothing recognizable to Westerners as a democratic tradition. It has never had a "loyal opposition," and, since South Korea became independent, no constitutionally elected leader has ever left the constitution intact. As a veteran Korea-watcher put it, Koreans work together well in small groups, but are individualistic and feisty enough that it has taken a strong leader to hold them together as a people. Westerners need look no farther than France and Italy to find a parallel. And, as in France and Italy, any man strong enough to rule effectively is sorely tempted to rule authoritarianly: tyrannically if he is ill-disposed; but even if his intentions are of the best, he will tend to by-pass normal rules in clearing out what he sees as abuses or dangers.

How does Chun Doo-hwan, the newly inaugurated president, fit into all of this? When I was in Korea, ordinary people spoke of him with awe mixed in some cases with fear or dislike, in others with eager curiosity: What makes this man tick and what is he after?

Although he has since changed his tack, certainly he had, up to that point, gone out of his way to shun anything that might look remotely like an attempt to win personal popularity. Whenever he appeared on Korean television he was stern and distant. Practically nothing was known about him personally outside his own circle—although within that circle he apparently commands absolute loyalty, and even military men who know him less intimately speak of him warmly and enthusiastically. He gave very few interviews—I was apparently one of the first three or four foreign journalists to talk to him after he took power.

Most of what I had heard about Chun before I met him had led me to expect a rather stiff, forbidding personage; in fact, he can be engaging when he wants to, and he spoke animatedly, indulging in a fair amount of give-and-take. My impression was that he is not, as he has been labeled, "anti-Amer-

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HOME HEALTH CARE

The Loneliest Battle of All

ORRIN G. HATCH

CONSIDER THE case of Mrs. Hamilton. An 81-year-old widow, she lives alone in her own home. She has no grandchildren. She raised a son and two daughters who were the joy of her life until all three were killed in a bizarre bus accident four years ago. After recovering from a stroke, Mrs. Hamilton was diagnosed as having uncontrolled hypertension. In October 1978, she was assigned a home health aide for two hours twice a week.

The nurse would come, monitor Mrs. Hamilton's blood pressure, and talk with her. Sometimes the nurse would stop at the A&P or the pharmacy to save her patient a trip. Mrs. Hamilton looked forward to these visits. Then one day she was informed that her Medicare allotment of home health care was exhausted; under the law, she was not permitted to receive more than one hundred visits unless she first submitted to a period of hospitalization or a stay in a nursing home. Both patient and doctor protested this hospitalization requirement: Mrs. Hamilton was not in need of institutional care. And the very thought of a nursing home frightened her. "Why should I have to go to a nursing home? I already have a home," she said. Her father, a German immigrant, had always regarded the *Altenhaus* or "oldfolks' home" as the place where society put the discards of life, the hopelessly infirm, the maladjusted, the insane. If that ever was the case, it is no longer, but try to convince Mrs. Hamilton of that.

When a social worker notified Mrs. Hamilton that her Medicare visits were exhausted, her blood pressure went up from 236/100 to 272/100 within half an hour. She had to be taken to a hospital emergency room where she was medicated and allowed to rest until her blood pressure dropped. Until she once again qualified for Medicare-authorized home health care, her nurse friend volunteered four hours a week of her own time to care for her.

Mrs. Hamilton's lonely battle is one of many. I am well aware of the critically important work performed by nursing homes for the elderly infirm who require institutionalization. A growing number of lawmakers, though, and a majority of our country's health practitioners, believe the number of people requiring nursing-home care has been grossly overestimated. "An astounding 25 per cent of Americans in nursing homes do not have to be there," says Congressman Claude Pepper, chairman of the House Select Committee on Aging, himself living proof that some of us are ageless. "They could receive more compassionate, less costly care at home."

Humanity of Home Care

The kind of home care I am talking about brings people professional health services while helping them to remain independent. Home health services are substantially less expensive than nursing-home care and eminently more humane than the enforced transfer of a disabled but functioning elderly person to a chronic care institution or hospital bed, or an unattended death at home.

The U.S. Census Bureau and the National Health Survey estimate that about 5 per cent of our population aged 65 and over, or slightly more than one million people, are housebound or bedridden. Other estimates are higher. In any event the numbers will increase as our population grows older. In 1900, one in every 25 Americans was 65 years old or older. Today it's one in ten.

Eighty per cent of those aged 65 and over suffer a chronic medical disorder of some kind: arthritis, orthopedic disorders of the legs and hips, heart disease, stroke, or a range of psychological maladies. Many of their problems can best be solved by helping to limit the physical demands on them which result in shortness of breath. A modest amount of help cleaning and shopping, combined with basic medical care for recurring infections and the administration of proper medications is what these patients need. These services can be provided at home, without having to restrict older people's activities or deprive them of their liberties.

Why, then, are people shut up in institutions when they can be cared for at home? Within our society, and perhaps in the Western world as a whole, the attitude toward aging and growing old is negative. Much of our "pop culture" creates a mood in which the old are seen as ugly and useless. They are different, and we want to shunt them off somewhere.

These are the social reasons, but there are also financial reasons. Title XVIII of Medicare and Title XIX of Medicaid fund the costs of nursing-home care. Through these provisions, money is provided, but only for institutionalized health care. They do not permit support for the chronically disabled older person at home. The lack of a tax incentive to keep old people home combined with the availability of government funding *only* for nursing-home maintenance means that young couples or other family members willing to care for their elderly must labor under a special financial hardship.

A Cure

Currently, I am working on legislation to remedy the situation I have described. There are about 24,000 nursing homes for the aged and dependent in our country today. They house about 900,000 people. They range in size from ten to two thousand beds. They are intended to play a merciful and rehabilitative role, and for a large number of elderly they do so. But for the others, the older people who perceive institutionalization as the prelude to death, there ought to be an alternative.

Earlier in this century, a nursing home was maintained by New York City on Welfare Island (now called Roosevelt Island), in the East River. A physician approached an unwell but independent aged lady and told her that she would now be sent to Welfare Island. She looked up at him, anxious and frightened, and said, "But Doctor, I don't *want* to go to Farewell Island." □

Mr. Hatch, the senior U.S. Senator from Utah, is a member of the Senate Health Subcommittee.

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Prayer Education

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

It seems so sad. Children in our public schools are to be allowed sex education but not prayer. Can it be true that prayer is more dangerous to the schools than sex? Can it be true that American children are supposed to be masters of sex, celibates of prayer?

Perhaps the partisans of prayer in the schools are on the wrong track. Instead of demanding a moment of prayer, perhaps they should demand courses in prayer education. Such courses might be ecumenical, indeed world-regarding. They could teach something about all the traditions of prayer long practiced by the human race, particularly those with relevance for our own culture. Youngsters should learn about this important art, this science—for many great minds have studied it in profound detail.

There are many schools of meditation in the West, for example. There are several quite different traditions of contemplation. Lovely arts of music and song have grown up around some of the favorite prayers of Judaism and Christianity—Gregorian chant developed to exquisite heights the lyrical reach of the Psalms and Canticles and Lamentations, for example. Great monasteries, even today, keep these traditions alive, creative, and fertile. Field trips to centers of silent and sung prayer might be developed.

It is odd that so many American students get their first introduction to meditation from Buddhist writings. Zen teaches a certain emptiness of spirit, but there is no reason why one should come to it from a spiritual vacuum.

Jewish synagogues keep alive magnificent liturgies and song, as do the Melchite, Byzantine, and Ukrainian rites. The Quakers have for centuries published profound books on the Prayer of Quiet. The Book of Common Prayer, more so in its traditional version but even in its "updated" form, has great wisdom and beauty to impart. Why are our public school children kept in ignorance of such treasures? Churches may be expected to teach their own traditions. Schools should teach all traditions.

An educated person has every reason to know much more than the public schools now teach about the great prayers of the American Indians, about the Moslem hours of prayer throughout the day and the yearly Ramadan, about the disciplines of Zen, about the thirty-day retreat invented by Saint Ignatius, about the holy days and festivals of the Jews, about the prayers of Wesley and Calvin, about the meditative tracts of Luther. Some passages in St. Augustine's *Confessions*, in Erasmus, in modern contemplatives like Thomas Merton, and in some of the sermons of Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr belong to the patrimony of every man and woman.

Why are the public schools so ignorant of and so oblivious to these critical regions of the human spirit? Let us hope it is not against their philosophy.

Some will say, perhaps, that there must be a "separation" of church and state. Of course. But prayer belongs neither to the church nor to the state but to the human heart, which knew how to pray before there ever was a state or a church. Presumably, the public schools can teach about sex without becoming laboratories thereof. They would find it at least equally possible, one imagines, to teach about prayer without becoming shrines.

Mind, Heart, and Will

What is prayer? Essentially, it is an attunement of the human spirit with (in Dante's phrase) the "Love that moves the sun and the other stars." It may, accordingly, be wordless, requiring only the inclination of the mind and heart, the opening of will and intellect, to that silence of the soul wherein the One Who has no name appears without appearing. In such silence, one can "know," although the kind of knowledge and the content of the known may scarcely be expressed.

Prayer has many connections to creativity and to sound judgment. Artists and athletes, public speakers and men and women of affairs often find in a moment's prayer a way of concentrating their spirits before each important undertaking. For prayer by its nature opens the human spirit and focuses it—relaxes it in the presence of the infinite and draws it taut to face present reality with the utmost attention and intensity. At the beginning of each important performance persons of high creativity almost always *imitate* the attitudes of prayer; many not only imitate but pray.

Why are the public schools so ignorant of and so oblivious to these critical or, worse, ignore it? Have they not an obligation to face reality in all its dimensions? Should they not teach everything of importance to the human spirit?

Learning to Pray

In a pluralistic society, we learn from each other each other's foods, mannerisms, styles, gestures, dances, songs. Is there an American so timid he has never learned a little *chutzpah*? Is there an American so practical he has never learned a little "soul"? In attending one another's funerals, weddings, christenings, and *bar mitzvahs*, and in reading one another's spiritual classics, we learn a little about how to pray in new (and often strikingly beautiful) ways. If real life teaches us so much, why can't the public schools?

When "liberal" persons claim in the matter of prayer that liberalism requires the repression of prayer in the public schools, one is led to wonder about the meaning of such liberalism. It is certainly not necessary for any one form of prayer to be imposed upon all. The moment of prayer may be no more than a moment of silence. The atheist may use such silence to reflect on Bertrand Russell, Nietzsche, Ethical Humanism, or any other object of spiritual concentration. Protestants, Catholics, and Jews may use such moments as they will. What would be the loss?

If I had to choose for the public schools between a moment of prayer and teaching about prayer, I would prefer the latter. In a democracy, though, due regard being shown for minorities, majorities should do such choosing. Prayer does not belong solely to the churches; prayer is not a church-state issue. Prayer belongs to human beings. Schools ignore it to their own diminishment. □

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Trouble for the NEA

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

SOMEBODY DOES love President Carter: the National Education Association, the most powerful and baldest-faced lobby in Washington. Nearly a tenth of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention were sent there through the influence of the NEA; and almost to a man/woman, they voted for J. Carter. Didn't he give them their own new Department of Education?

The bosses of the NEA do not love Mr. Ronald Reagan; for that Enemy of Progress has made it clear that upon taking office he would recommend the abolishment of the tender Department of Education (whose budget already dwarfs that of long-established departments, although Education is in its salad days merely). Mr. Reagan, who happens to have read for a good many years this "From the Academy" page in NATIONAL REVIEW, is keenly interested in improving the quality of American public instruction. That notion is anathema to the bosses of the NEA, for of course our public schools everywhere are perfect already. What the NEA lobbyists demand is more money—and more power for themselves.

President Carter stands ready to give the NEA whatever they may demand—they being about the only coherent body of support which remains to him. True, about half the members of the NEA list themselves as Republican; but the teachers-union dues of those Republicans, like the dues of the Democratic members of the NEA, will make up a big proportion of the Carter campaign fund. President Carter has dispatched throughout the land his heralds, to assure the NEA educationists that the sky's the limit, where the NEA's concerned.

San Francisco, for instance, was recently paid a visit by Michael Bakalis, once the Democratic superintendent of public instruction in Illinois, nowadays a federal bureaucrat, Deputy Under Secretary for Intergovernmental and Special Services of the Department of Education. Deputy Under Secretary Bakalis gathered together at the San Francisco Regional Office of the Department of Education some twenty educators, on the pretext of obtaining from them suggestions that might be of use to Shirley Hufstedler, Secretary of Education. But it turned out that no such impertinent suggestions were desired; at the meeting, Mr. Bakalis outlined instead the political function and intentions of the new Department of Education.

The role of this splendid Department, Mr. Bakalis informed his audience, is to "point out the successes of public schools." He observed with sorrow, however, that "people are voting with their feet and going to private schools." He implied that this unhappy preference must be the product of racism. Alas for Mr. Bakalis! There was present at the gathering a representative of the California Catholic Conference, who promptly pointed out that "California's Catholic schools enroll a higher percentage of minority-group students than do the public schools of the state." Folding his tent, Mr. Bakalis confessed, as he departed, that he should have "remembered the audience" to which he had been speaking.

Doubtless the Deputy Under Secretary, intoxicated by his theme, had assumed that any gathering of educationists must be an assembly of zealots for the NEA. He had waxed most eloquent about the new-found "political influence of public educators," and had rejoiced in disclosing that "nearly one-third of the delegates at the recent Democratic Party National Convention were public-school educators. He had urged the educators to redouble their political zeal: "Unless we have this political clout, we won't get anything done."

Well, the NEA and its state affiliates do possess political "clout" in the sense that they raise plenty of money for campaigns, much of it through dues and fees compulsorily extracted from teachers who don't share the ideological notions of the NEA bosses. But whether the NEA can turn out many votes in a presidential election may be another matter. The American Federation of Teachers, the other big teachers' union, takes a very dim view of the Department of Education (knowing it for an NEA creation and preserve); and the AFT endorsed President Carter only tardily and reluctantly. The NEA, moreover, has been obtaining unfriendly publicity lately in many quarters, including the *New York Times*. Public endorsement of Mr. Carter by the NEA may be less than an advantage.

Whether or not NEA money and organization can turn out any large number of votes for President Carter, the stars in their courses already have set themselves against Jimmy Carter. The Department of Education bill was thrust through Senate and House, with the narrowest of margins, only because of intense pressure from the White House. In Congress, a good many of 1980's friends of the NEA will be conspicuous by their absence in 1981. And no officer of the NEA can count on being invited to dinner at a Reagan White House.

WHAT could Reagan do as President, aside from scowling upon the NEA and endeavoring to disestablish the Department of Education? Why, he could appoint to office some able people inclined toward retrenchment and reform, who would be able (if supported) to cut in half, within a short time, the functions and the budget of the federal education apparatus. (Most of those functions and expenditures date back only so far as the Johnson Administration.) Also he could begin to return to states, localities, and voluntary associations those powers and duties of which they have been deprived progressively by educational centralization in Washington.

His gubernatorial years in California gave Mr. Reagan considerable knowledge of educational questions. He acted prudently and imaginatively in California educational concerns. There may be a great day coming—not for the National Education Association, but for true education. □

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Up from Edenism

HUGH KENNER

Paradigms Lost: Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline
By John Simon
Clarkson N. Potter, 222 pp., $12.95

In the origins of every language we may discern a horribly mangled way of speaking some previous one. French began as the saloon-Latin of an empire's frontier. In a transalpine Texas where grammarians did not venture, vulgar folk (Lat. *vulgus*, the no-accounts) lost the habit of calling what might get sliced from your shoulders your *caput*, *testa* being more playful and playfulness in isolated places being habit-forming. *Testa* meant "pot" and was slang for "head," like our "noggin," which also means "pot." It got mispronounced *teste*, and the French still say *tête*.

The French also say *cheval*, and we say "chivalry," because legionaries who had gone native in Gaul were less apt to be familiar with a prancing *equus* than with the kind of nag you'd call by the local slang-word, *caballus*. So *la tête d'un cheval**, a horse's head, was formerly a nag's noggin, and if roustabouts who talked like that thought they were talking Latin there were seemingly no John Simons to disabuse them.

Not that it mattered. Whether it was Cicero's Latin was never an issue. Cicero was dead, and all memory of his usages sealed away in a few manuscripts. What mattered was shared understanding among the living, and all the time the Gauls were (as we can now say) preparing the tongue of Racine and Cocteau, their habits of speech were doing what speech always does, binding together a community of speakers who by the tenth century A.D. were no longer in any ascertainable way Roman.

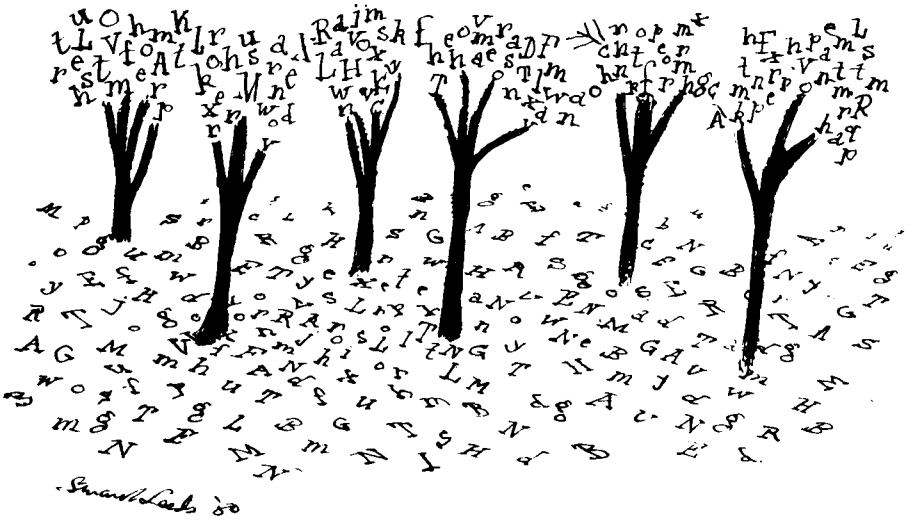
A Gaul understood anyone he was likely to talk to as long as he stayed north of the Alps. Meanwhile south of the Pyrenees Latin was degenerating into Spanish, and around Rome itself into Dante's vulgate, Italian. These diverged because there was little traffic across mountain barriers.

Such are the conditions of radical linguistic change: isolation, and an absence of written controls. They are Dark Age conditions, and nobody wants them back, least of all, one supposes, the pundits with whom John Simon is properly impatient, the ones who assert that since language, the property of its speakers, normally changes, and such change has been demonstrably creative, therefore anything goes, even the floating "hopefully."

"Hopefully it won't rain"; "Between you and I"; "Here at the *Times* we're disinterested in grammar": such barbarisms Simon assails with the vigor of an ecologist combatting pollution particle by particle. (Padlocking all the nation's press and half its larynxes would effect control at the smokestack.) Whole chapters of *Paradigms Lost* deserve circulation as schoolroom pamphlets.

Unlike, say, Edwin Newman, who is apt to be tortuously witty about instances, John Simon has a zest for stateable principles, not unconnected with the fact that, like Conrad and Nabokov, he came to English relatively late (it was his fifth language). For perceiving whatever system a language affords, the lifelong learner is apt to be better placed than the native speaker; no one that I've known knew English half as minutely as the late Louis Zukofsky, who began its acquisition at 12 and kept the habit of looking up everything including "a" and "the."

Not custom but accessible knowledge will be such a man's criterion. The absence of knowledge is called ignorance, so when linguists prate of normal lin-



*And the Romans used no articles; *la* and *un* are from *illa*, "that," and *unus*, "one": literally "that there head of one horse." Cf. "That's one fine hoss, pardner."

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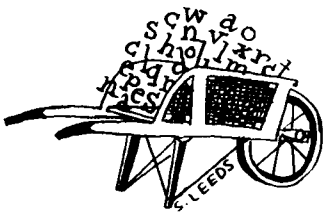
guistic change, John Simon responds that linguistic changes "are caused by the ignorance of speakers and writers." Let us therefore rebuff their ignorance before it infects sound custom.

Let us rebuff it indeed. Let us marvel with him that Rex Reed and Vincent Canby get paid, for gosh sakes, to *write* (do paraplegics get paid to play ball?), and let us rub our hands too while the guilty twist and blacken in the heat of a Simon tirade: memorably, the college division director who fired an instructor for the elitist sin of thinking students ought to seek out the right word, whereas, quoth the director in a memo, "Very few English words, usually nouns, have less than two meanings." Simon does not rest with correcting "less" to "fewer"; he offers a helpful list of counter-examples: "nincompoop, numskull, cretin, ignoramus, division director."

Quotation leads me to quotation; though it digresses from our theme I can't omit Simon's deadly demurral when one man likens Gore Vidal to Matthew Arnold, another to Oscar Wilde. Simon, though not quite convinced, is willing to allow Vidal "some very good pieces, as weighty as anything in Oscar Wilde and easily as witty as the best of Matthew Arnold."

And on another page—no, this must stop, lest the space fill with no more said than that *Paradigms Lost* is a zesty, commendable book. And something more does need saying: that accurately though Simon directs his polemic energies, he tends to locate the battle-lines imperfectly. There's a defect in his paradigm of linguistic fixity. You'd think a man with at least five Indo-European languages including Serbo-Croatian would allow for the process by which they all came into being. But history is something he tends not to allow for.

Let's run a paragraph through in freeze-frame. "Ignorant, obfuscatory, unnecessary change, producing linguistic leveling and flatness, could be stopped in its tracks by concerted effort." (True; and the concerted effort would bespeak a community concerned with the distinctions that are being leveled.) "The fact that this has not often happened in the past is no excuse for the present." (One thing that didn't happen in the past was the contraception of Simon's five languages.) "We have acquired a set of fine, useful, previously unavailable tools, culminating in the *Oxford English Dictionary* and a number of excellent treatises and handbooks on grammar. We now have the means to slow down changes in language considerably if not to stop them altogether."



The last fascicle of the *OED* appeared in 1928, not long before John Simon (b. Subotica, Yugoslavia, 1925) commenced acquiring English, a synchrony perhaps not unconnected with his implication that the *OED* is a terminal moraine of linguistic evolution, indeed usable for stopping it. Far from being a monument of fixity, the *OED* is a magnificent piece of historical lexicography, a documentation of centuries of semantic change.

In 1400 Chaucer's Knight's "Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie" denoted respectively fidelity, chivalrousness, magnanimity, and the knightly code. The story of five centuries of civilization is entailed in the evolution of those four words, and it won't suffice to remark, as Simon does in connection with "nice," that nothing has ever governed such a story save ignorance.

And as for stopping change: far from being a prospect only now available, fixity was a famous eighteenth century dream. Swift dreamed it, the sensible Sam Johnson dreamed it; in Europe academies were founded to implement it. For in the first century to be dominated by the printing press, the editing of "old authors" such as Shakespeare (as old then as is Tennyson now) left the literate confronted with the scandalous fact of vernacular change, confounding their hopes of writing vernacular classics, things to endure. "For such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be," wrote Pope in a mood of Stoical resolution; what hope, he meant, for Pope?

And yet, Dryden, who has been dead for 280 years, wrote an English we still recognize as "modern." His language as it happened *was* effectively fixed, and by the very thing that had made change apprehensible, the printing press. Spelling settled down; there is nothing like print to make people anxious when a word's appearance changes. So did grammar and so did punctuation. Since 1700 the major languages of Europe (I don't know about Serbo-Croatian) have been regulated not by ear but by eye. In effect there are two Englishes, the spoken and the published, the latter governing.

John Simon himself tells us how at about 16 in Yugoslavia he consolidated his command of English by reading novels with a tutor. No matter that the novels were by Edgar Rice Burroughs, their idiom was far more formal than anything you'd hear spoken, even at Oxford. Burroughs and his publishers inherited the syntactical and other conventions of printed English, worked out by two centuries of copy-editors.

So where Mr. Simon sees an unaccountable slippage of literacy setting in about two decades ago, I see two related causes: our increased electronic exposure to the spoken language, which has always been somewhat anarchic, and a lapse in the competence of publishers' staffs, an anonymous workforce on whose literacy the whole system of stabilization hinges.

A newspaper editor once told me why proofreading standards in Canada declined in the 1940s. Reading proof—a dull underpaid job—had once kept retired clergymen from starving. It was when the aged clergy commenced to draw pensions that papers had no recourse save to hire less literate drifters. Where book publishing gets its serfs today I've no idea, but a glimpse of their quality can be obtained from the caption on a publicity photo Simon's own publishers are circulating to reviewers of his book. It identifies him as "author of *Paradigm's Lost*." By at least not going on to write "Literacy and It's Decline" the caption-writer managed to bat .500 against the apostrophe. That's not good enough. And it's merely by luck that he's not a copy-editor.

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America. . . . **Hugh Kenner**, *a professor of literature at Johns Hopkins, is the author of numerous books, including* Joyce's Voices. . . . **Selden Rodman** *is a poet, critic, and authority on primitive art.*

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Copy-editors used to clean up untidy writing: hence our illusion that writers were formerly literate. Now, in my experience, they routinely make good enough worse. Simon sniffs, as do I, at the construction "critic X," yet the phrase "Critic Marvin Mudrick" appeared under my byline in the August *Harper's*; that was thanks to a copy-editor who stuck in the word "critic" for the guidance of someone out there who's ignorant of Marvin Mudrick. And the only time the construction "It looks like there's . . ." has ever appeared over my signature, the sentence had been rewritten in a New York office.

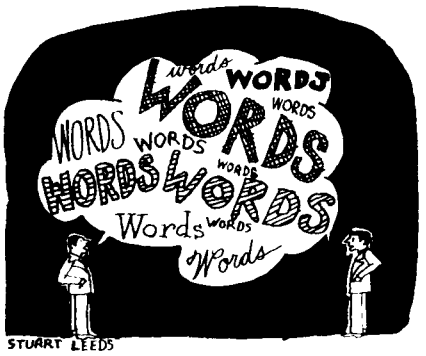
How the system works that escorts sentences toward print is something a man as knowing as John Simon ought to be telling his readers. If he'd focus his attack on the present state of that, he'd be zeroing in on a plague-spot. Meanwhile the spoken language, where every thousandth barbarism merits attention, might be left to its Sam Goldwyns and Yogi Berras, and its purveyors of words like "smarmy" (not in the *OED*). "Smarmy" has uses. It's the word for Barbara Walters, who doesn't merit what she gets in *Paradigms Lost*, eight thousand demolishing Simon words. Enough to be grateful that she's not a copy-editor. □

War Within and Without: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1939-1944
Harcourt Brace, 471 pp., $14.95

THE TWO ANNE LINDBERGHS

SELDEN RODMAN

Ten years ago when *The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh* were published, I turned to the date July 21, 1941 to see how much the famous airman cared to remember of the conversation I'd had with him and his wife at their home that night. It was no ordinary conversation. A majority of Americans were still opposed to our entering the European war. But those who opposed the Roosevelt Administration's devious attempts to drag us in by measures "short of war" were beginning to split into two factions. In one were the isola-



tionists of the Midwest whose camp-followers tended to be nationalistic, reactionary, pro-Nazi, and antisemitic. In the other were the "liberal non-interventionists" like Norman Thomas, Chester Bowles, George Vaillant, Kingman Brewster, John Hersey, Quincy Howe, John Dewey, Anne Lindbergh, and myself, who wanted to stay out until "war aims" designed to prevent another Versailles should be adopted. Lindbergh himself, the leader and public symbol of the whole movement, was presumed to be "non-political." The speech at Des Moines in which he warned American Jews to continue supporting the war party at their own peril was still a few weeks away. But already the celebrated flyer, who had declined to return the medal conferred on him by Goering, was causing uneasiness in our camp for the things about the Nazis he was *not* saying. In our talk of July 21—fully transcribed in my own journal of that year—I had tried every argument I could think of to persuade him to dissociate himself and the America First Committee from Hitler's ideology. Example:

> *CAL:* If I should go into the question of ideologies, I would have to be equally honest. I would have to say not only what I think about Nazism but also about democracy as practiced by the Roosevelt Administration. Wouldn't I be doing the cause of the America First Committee more harm than good?
>
> *SR:* How so?
>
> *CAL:* Well, I would have to say, for one thing, that there are aspects of the Nazi system that I admire as well as aspects I deplore. I admire their efficiency, their emphasis on merit in the army as compared to class snobbism in ours, their labor camps for boys and girls of all social classes ["Apparently even Mrs. Roosevelt admires that," interjected Anne with a laugh], their full use of resources, and their frankness about their aims. I should have to point out that in my opinion Roosevelt, with less frankness, is attempting to impose *his* world order, a form of American imperialism, on the world in the guise of defending other peoples' freedom, and that he does not stop at any means including falsification of facts, personal vilification, and the ultimate destruction of millions of human beings, to do it. . . .
>
> *SR:* What about antisemitism? Surely if you assailed that, half the ground would be cut from under your critics.
>
> *CAL:* Antisemitism is growing in this country for almost the same reasons it grew in Germany and I am afraid that nothing can stop it. The Jews will have themselves to blame. As in Germany they control the press, the radio, and the movies — at least out of all proportion to their numbers. I am not against their controlling them, but the use they make of such weapons is going to end with their undoing. Instead of acting in the interests of their country and of the majority of their audience they are acting in the interest — or the presumed interest — of their race. Is there a single prominent Jew in this country today on our side? To be sure, there are individuals like your friends Mr. Herzberg and Mr. Alexander, but the only prominent Jew to identify himself with the isolationists, Mr. Lessing Rosenwald, was forced to resign from our Committee. No. I will not criticize the Jews. But I shall certainly not take it upon myself to defend them . . .

And so on, back and forth, for hours. But when an innocuous entry of July 20 in the *Wartime Journals* was followed by a still more innocuous one dated July 22, I said to myself: He doesn't want this kind of honesty to appear in the printed record; but surely Anne, who prizes the whole truth, will deal with it when her own diary of that fateful year appears. "Charles and I both enjoyed that meeting so much," she had written me on July 30. "We hope for another meeting. But in the meantime it encourages me beyond words that there are other friends writing, working, and thinking steadily through this difficult time in our world." And we did meet again, and corresponded throughout the war, but not a word about any of this appears in the published version of Anne Lindbergh's day-by-day journal either. Is it unfair to suppose that there were other loving friends whose testimony proved equally embarrassing and was similarly suppressed?

But why? How long must the record be falsified? My feeling is that there have always been two Anne Lindberghs. One is the poor little rich girl

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who, if she had "married within her class," would have spent the war years making "Bundles for Britain" or typing Mom's interventionist speeches. She admits as much when she comments on the belligerent speech of one of her Establishment family's friends: "I don't agree with it. I might have if I had not married C., but now I see the practical side of life too clearly . . . the clash of the practical with my dreams." The naïveté of this Anne is astonishing. She is susceptible to anyone and anything that will justify her husband's insensitivity. "Pétain asks for peace terms. It is very moving, that old man taking hold at such an hour. They can trust him . . . I feel relieved that they have such a man at such a terrible hour." Hearst, who "has been so good on the war issue," entertains them for two days in Oregon, and nothing about this monster disturbs her except the decor and Marion Davies's Kewpie-doll quilt. The poet Auden is "pure"; she doesn't know he has just said he favors "gagging" the isolationists; "I have the feeling he is only coming to this country in order to get back to England to fight." (!) The Nazis have "certainly sinned," she says, "but the democracies, it seems to me, have committed the unpardonable sin against nature: *resistance to change* (to *normal* change, one should add)."

The other Anne, happily, is in the ascendant most of the time, and *all* of the time when removed from the ugly political orbit along which her stubborn husband bulls ahead. Her love for him is not just loyalty—though loyal she is. She responds to what is truly heroic in him:

> C. calls up and is coming home. I decide to meet him. It is cool and a lovely evening. I wait at the field. And when he comes over the field I recognize him even though I did not know what plane he was flying. It gives me such a thrill. How strange it is — how people are like themselves! C. coming out of the sky with a kind of directness, a kind of magnificence that is only his. And when he banks his plane around the field, with that slow and absolute grace, it is as much him as a gesture of his hand. It catches my breath. I have always taken it for granted. But to see it in the sky . . . it is an act of creative beauty, a work of art.

After Pearl Harbor, the drama and excitement fade, the guilt and desperate justification of what is not really believed in is gone, and Anne Lindbergh, the nature mystic, the lover, the model mother comes into her own:

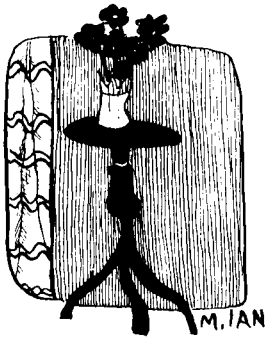
> What is my aim in life? (Ask me tomorrow; I am too tired tonight to think.) It is only to be put in the most general terms. I want to work toward a kind of pure (pure-in-heart) awareness of the true values of life. The meaning of life. I want to impart this awareness to my four children. I want to put what's left into books. I want to have it free my husband for whatever work in the world he is best suited to do. Writers have no "plan" of life. They feed on the lives of others. And women haven't much plan: they adapt to the experiences of husband and children. □

The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity
By Richard J. Barnet
Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $12.95

BIG MOLE

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

The Lean Years is no ordinary book on the energy crisis. In its sociology, its ideology, its political thrust, this book goes far beyond the U.S. problems on energy. As its founder and co-director, Mr. Barnet represents the Institute for Policy Studies, today the single most effective anti-democratic organization in the United States. IPS has been described in this journal [Feb. 2, 1979], by Brian Crozier, as "the perfect intellectual front for Soviet activities which would be resisted if they were to originate openly from the KGB." Anyone interested in a thorough analysis of IPS and its PLO connections should read the article in *Midstream* (June/July 1980) by Professor Rael Jean Isaac titled "The Institute for Policy Studies: Empire on the Left."



Soviet foreign policy objectives and Soviet military superiority would be aided immeasurably were the Barnet recommendations effectuated by Congress, a not impossible achievement if one realizes the powerful hold the Washington-based IPS has on almost a hundred members of Congress and on parts of the Carter Administration. By mocking the intelligence of the American people and their institutions, Mr. Barnet obviously intended to soften up his readers for policy prescriptions which would satisfy the requirements of Soviet Marxism. And he does this skillfully, even making a few criticisms of past Soviet history; but the target is the United States, the biggest Global Corporation of them all.

FIRST, you must establish that the U.S. is not marching with History—History is with the Left. You do that by pointing out that the Marshall Plan was "a strategy to keep Europe from going left," which is, of course, a lie achieved by deliberately confusing the Left with Soviet foreign policy and Soviet aggression in Europe. Leaders of Europe's free trade unions, socialist statesmen like Ernest Bevin, Guy Mollet, Léon Jouhaux, were men of the Left who welcomed the Marshall Plan.

Second, you set up as adversaries the Arab oil-producing countries *versus* "the requirements of world capitalism," not the requirements of the democracies mind you but "world capitalism." And, of course, the USSR doesn't figure in this confrontation at all.

Third, wherever possible you deal with "the brutal efforts of the industrial powers" in Africa, "the human exploitation that goes with exploiting minerals" by these industrial powers. The Soviet Union doesn't exist in such an indictment because Mr. Barnet ignores Soviet interventions—*their* "brutal efforts"—in Angola and Ethiopia, and Soviet exploitation of its own and East European miners.

Fourth, you single out the multinational oil companies for violating UN trade sanctions vis-à-vis Rhodesia but you never discuss the greatest UN resolution violator of them all—the USSR, which ignored 13 UN resolutions on Hungary in 1956 and one in 1980 on Afghanistan.

Fifth, you announce with horror that 45 corporations own one-half the farm land in California, a situation which Californians can in fact do something to rectify. You never question the total ownership of all Soviet farm land by

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OCTOBER TITLES: *Answer to History* (Stein & Day, $12.95), by Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, a/k/a the Shah of Iran, is a fretful, imperious roster of complaints, lodged primarily against the Unites States, by a ruler who believed that God and America owed him a—very good—living.

Townsend Luddington's *John Dos Passos: A Twentieth Century Odyssey* (Dutton, $20) is the authorized biography of the novelist, but it is nevertheless a good deal too apologetic for Dos Passos's conversion to conservatism in his later years.

Lectures on Literature (Harcourt Brace, $19.95), by Vladimir Nabokov—edited by Fredson Bowers and with an introduction by John Updike—is a collection of Nabokov's lectures at Wellesley and Cornell. Dull stuff, from one of the century's most overpraised, superficial, and effete writers. . . . *Bertolt Brecht in America* (Princeton, $19.75), by James K. Lyon, is a perhaps unintentionally amusing portrait of the windy Communist bard hiding out from the Nazis in the land of the crypto-Nazis, eager to embrace every American proletarian until he discovered that it was a fat, enthusiastic mini-capitalist he held in his arms. . . . *The Letters of Evelyn Waugh* (Ticknor and Fields, $25), edited by Mark Amory, contains 840 of the 4,500-odd letters Waugh left at his death. . . . Peter Quennell's *The Wanton Chase: An Autobiography from 1939* (Atheneum, $9.95) is the second volume of the English litterateur's autobiography, the first of which was *The Marble Foot*.

■ FOR NOVEMBER: *Edmund Wilson: Our Neighbor from Talcottville* (Syracuse, $11.95), by Richard Hauer Costa, turns the tables on old Edmund somewhat, portraying the critic as his upstate New York friends saw him. This is not at all to say that the resulting book is lacking in sympathy or affection, however. Costa is a professor of English at Texas A & M University.

—CW

the Communist Party *apparat*, accountable to no one, whose record of achievement consists of annual crop failures.

Sixth, you are for free trade unions in Brazil, Argentina, Thailand, and the rest of the Third World, and you weep that "the state is becoming the boss all over the world," especially in South Korea and the Philippines. But you never, no never, mention that there are no free trade unions in any Communist country (we shall see about Poland). You sneer about Argentina and Brazil because they allow no free trade unions but you ignore Cuba. You talk about strikes being outlawed in Chile but you forget the Soviet bloc. You praise the "trade union movement" in South Yemen, Allende's Chile, Cuba, and China for having "played a significant role in the revolutions" in those countries. No comment about whether those trade union movements are free.

Seventh, as you come down the homestretch you warn that "industrial capitalism . . . now threatens to destroy society." You further warn that the world is "facing class warfare on a scale that threatens the whole human family." You delicately suggest that a violent revolution is necessary to ensure a fair sharing of resources: "The power of entitlement . . . is something that is usually fought for, not given."

Eighth, you then trot out the old buzz-word for Soviet Marxism, planning—"democratic control of capital . . . the self-serving system of private planning and public anarchy must be replaced by new mechanisms for gaining better control of the capital resources of the nation." Out of this you predict will come "a strong competitive free market." You express concern about present planning systems because "accountability is weak." At this point the reader asks, Why doesn't Mr. Barnet discuss the planning system of the Soviet Union, six decades old, and *its accountability? Or the miserable planning* failures in other "socialist" countries, including Mao's China? Mr. Barnet passes off these failures with one clause: ". . . the one-party state [is] inadequate for democratic resource planning."

Ninth, you climax the book with a call for a New International Economic Order, when all you've done is to offer a prescription for retarding the economic growth of existing democratic societies, the only ones which have been able to produce guns, butter, wheat, meat not only for their own populations but for millions of people in the Third World. All you've done is to prescribe for the Free World an economic system which would starve the rest of the world. Mr. Barnet prescribes an economic disaster and calls it planning.

Mr. Barnet and the Institute for Policy Studies have learned what kind of prose and formulae will work to bring down the American economy and political system. Guerrilla warfare in the cities won't work, Eurocommunist parties won't work. What will work will be a camouflaged Finlandization of the U.S. economy. That is the Barnet/Institute for Policy Studies blueprint. It's time to blow the whistle on the whole lot. □

FILM

UP FROM DOWN UNDER

JOHN SIMON

Just when you think that there are no more good movies being made, along comes something to shatter your loss of faith. Now it is *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*, by Fred Schepisi (pronounced Skepsee), a 41-year-old Australian who made his name in TV commercials and short subjects; this epic film is only his second feature. Based on a short novel by Thomas Kennealy (who appears in the film as a cook), the film does not capitalize on the novel's Irish wit. Though not devoid of gritty humor, Schepisi, who is of Sicilian extraction, emphasizes in his screenplay and direction the contrast between the magnitude and majesty of the land and

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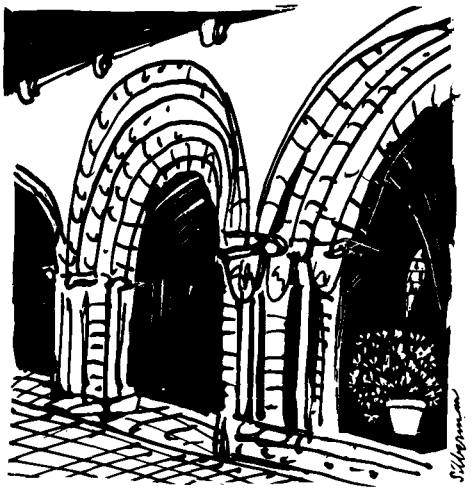
the mean or pitiful puniness of its inhabitants. The insistent use of the telephoto lens, which flattens people out against a background brought closer while they seem only specks against it, makes the point; again and again, crucial events seen in long shot or extreme long shot confirm the great tragedy of man's tragic smallness.

It is 1900 and Australia is on the verge of federation, but relations with England and the world are of no importance compared to the greed for property: over and over we see fences going up whereby the whites appropriate the natives' land; beyond that, there are legal, social, economic fences that keep the aborigines out and down. Based on real events, this is the story of an intelligent and decent half-caste boy, brought up by the righteous Methodist missionary, Mr. Neville, and his self-righteous wife, who tells Jimmie that if he marries a white farm girl, their children would be only a quarter black, and *their* children hardly black at all. Neville gives Jimmie a written recommendation that is supposed to get him fair employment. But the only job he can get is building fences, which pays next to nothing; and the white wife he gets brings him ultimate grief.

Whenever he returns to his black kinfolk, whether, in a pre-title sequence, to be initiated in the rites of manhood or, later in the film, to drink or get free sex from the native wives, he finds reentry into the white world more difficult and painful. Nothing works for Jimmie, yet the short or very short scenes with which Schepisi puts together his movie, the distance between the camera and the nasty events, the very indistinctness of the sound in certain scenes (I do not mean the hard-to-understand accents, white and black, which are a bit of a drawback), the confusion in and around Jimmie, all this militates against sentimentality in the film, and creates instead a sense of pervasive injustice in almost impersonal terms.

Then, again, there is Jimmie, against the sumptuous landscape, building endless fences for various stingy employers. He builds them cheerfully and well, in fair weather or foul, in good health or with an accidental injury sustained on the job. And always he gets short-changed by the former riffraff of Britain, who see the half-white youth as all black and all black workers as fools



who share their wages with idle relatives—as Jimmie does with his uncle, Tabidji—and fit only to be rightfully exploited. The staccato style—even more so since Schepisi cut 14 minutes from the film because potential exhibitors deemed it overlong (I preferred the uncut version)—is used with masterly assurance. Whether Jimmie is shoveling manure on a sheep farm or assisting a sadistic constable as an auxiliary policeman (now, on horseback, he must club innocent aborigines; now, at the police station, he must stand by while the drunken constable brutally kills a black prisoner), circumstances soon force him back to building fences again. The brief, nervous scenes function as nearly self-sufficient vignettes etched in bitterness or grim irony; cumulatively, they achieve an aura of helplessness and unavoidable doom.

Jimmie is eventually joined by Mort, his carefree, laughing, wholly black half-brother, who helps him with his work and accepts whatever comes with guileless equanimity. And finally Jimmie gets a seemingly humane employer in Mr. Newby, who actually lets him build a shack at the far end of his lands. Here Jimmie will live with his white bride, a silly but well-meaning half-servant-girl, half-slut (thus being herself a metaphoric half-caste) who likes him and thinks she is going to bear his child. Now two or three further blows descend on Jimmie's head. The child, born with the help of Mrs. Newby in her parlor, is all white; and the Newbys, angered by the fact that Mort, Tabidji, and another black have come to stay with Jimmie (the great fear of these farmers is the forming of "a blacks' camp" on their land), refuse him the credit he needs to buy food. Moreover, Miss Graf, the schoolmistress who has been living with the Newbys, is getting married, and is trying to lure Jimmie's wife away from her black husband to become a servant to whites again.

The whites have their reasons, which seem good to them. But Jimmie, let down even by the Newbys, who had shown him some kindness, goes berserk, and starts killing them and other whites who have done him wrong—women and children included, though he spares a baby. I cannot and must not go on with the plot, but must say that seldom has the downward path to predictable doom been depicted with greater suspense, or unbearable pain portrayed with chaster avoidance of easy tears—though there certainly are hard-earned ones. Jimmie's war with the whites, into which he draws his reluctant uncle and half-brother, is terrible yet also just, and the powerfully staged murders that are recorded in some detail (faintly reminiscent of the equally brilliant, though heavily censored, murders in Jan Troell's *The New Land*, where the killers are exploited American Indians) fill us with something approaching a sense of divine vengeance. At the opposite pole from those by a non-artist such as Brian De Palma, they have an Old Testament awesomeness like the deaths of the firstborn.

ALTHOUGH THE murders, I repeat, are grisly, they are shot so as to convey the hypnotic manner in which frenzied blacks are drawn into committing them, as well as the pathetic incomprehension of the dying whites who thought themselves so decent and even kindly. And we realize that only when they bleed do these excessively white, pink, blond, and obtuse beings acquire full humanity, and that only through killing them can Jimmie in any sense, however misguided and horrible, reach them. Neither Tabidji nor Mort is a fully conscious, willing participant in Jimmie's war, and the three men's contrasting but connected attitudes and different but related ends are sovereignly delineated in swift, telling strokes—as in one fleeting shot of Tabidji sitting by a campfire and uncontrollably shivering.

Or consider the scene where Jimmie awaits the birth of his child outside the Newbys' nocturnal porch. Boots are the symbol of white rule—aborigines don't

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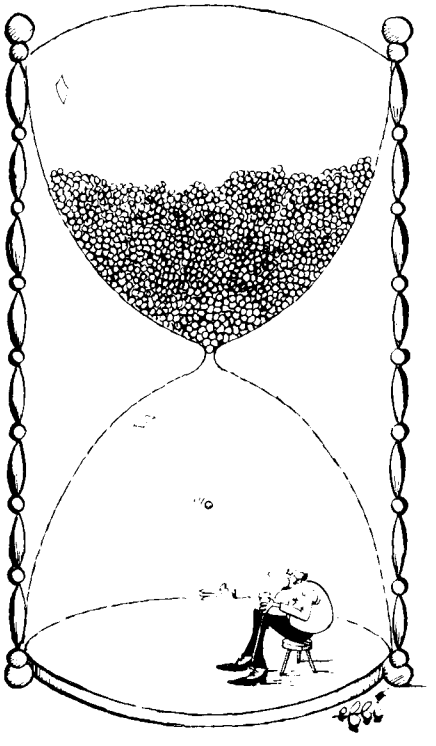
wear them, and even as an auxiliary policeman Jimmie wasn't issued any; he had to scrimp to buy them from his meager earnings. Now, waiting, he takes them off and starts tapping out a ritual dance of, I presume, paternity. He does this with a shy pride, almost involuntarily; under an atavistic compulsion rather than from ancestral faith. Yet the way he handles the boots he divests is also ambivalent: as if he were strangling them while also revering them. Close to his bare, dancing feet, the boots stand in strict, self-assertive order, ready to take over again. We feel that Jimmie is torn not only *between* two worlds, but also *within* each of his worlds.

Yet the white characters, however briefly they appear, are not without their complexities: their gruffness is countered by grudging bits of fairness, even as their decency is shot through with arrogance, stupidity, greed. We can see how these former pariahs and their descendants need to assert themselves at the expense of someone else—the aborigines. There are subtle differences among these whites, and Schepisi carefully—or, better yet, instinctively—avoids oversimplification. Thus the asthmatic male schoolteacher, taken hostage by Jimmie, is a pungent mixture of contradictory strengths and weaknesses; Jimmie's wife has a wonderful repertoire of incommensurate characteristics even her homely face and voluptuous body constitute one of the film's many, deliberate and confounding, complexities. Thus when we first see her and Jimmie's white and black skins come together, it is groin to groin, while we hear giggles and pantings of lust. But the next time, it is in the miserable hut and pitifully narrow and rickety conjugal bed: the young wife's disconsolately weeping, very pale face is comforted by the caress of a black hand that envelops it in a dark hood of benediction. There are two sides to everything. And also correspondences: a black auxiliary policeman helps the white posse trail Jimmie and Mort. *(To be continued.)* □



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The PRINTED WORD

SOFT SOUL OF SOCIALISM

JOSEPH SOBRAN

This is a desperate year for *The New Republic*, which loathes Jimmy Carter and abominates Ronald Reagan. But then these are hard times for liberals in general. For the past twenty years or so liberalism has become more and more simply a form of socialism—the socialism that dare not speak its name. Success has all but killed it.

Only five years ago Shana Alexander could hail Hanoi's victory on grounds that socialism would mean improved social services for Saigon. How long ago that seems already! Since America quit playing the world policeman there has been a noticeable increase in the global mugging rate: boat people in Vietnam, genocide in Cambodia, war in Angola, repression in Ethiopia, the invasion of Afghanistan . . . Lots of liberals would like to bug out of the world socialist enterprise just as they wanted to quit Vietnam. It's impossible to idealize not only the Soviet Union but even yesterday's utopias, including China, Cuba, Vietnam, and Albania. (Jean-François Revel mentions a book by a French Marxist titled *Albanie: Terre de l'Homme Nouveau.*)

If there was a symbol of the old liberal sensibility, it was the old *New Republic*, perhaps the dullest magazine in journalistic history. It changed hands about the same time Saigon did, though, and was taken over by a bearded McGovernite Zionist named Martin Peretz who proved totally unable to get along with most of the old hands on the staff. Something between a purge and a mass resignation ensued, and somehow *The New Republic* has turned into one of the livelier magazines around. I buy it more often than I like to admit. I even read the editorials, which are now written in English, which can be a passionate language. Half of them concern the PLO, and the magazine pays more attention to the Middle East than Menahem Begin does, but it still manages to be a good chewy read.

The difference between the old *New Republic* and the new corresponds to the difference between the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. The *Times* won't admit that liberalism is in crisis, or indeed that anyone but liberals reads the *Times*. Its editorials are therefore as uncivil as they are dull: they refuse to extend the courtesy of recognition to much of their readership. It has been observed that the *Times*, which gave birth to the Op-Ed page, now seems resolved to kill it. The *Post*, on the other hand, addresses reality. For the most part it avoids that nobody-here-but-us-liberals posture that stultifies the *Times*, and it actually *argues* its case—as does *The New Republic*, now. Both publications take conservatism seriously, instead of trying to snub it as a collection of impudent parvenus. Their reward is that they are interesting.

LIBERALS THINK the state can usher us toward collective well-being, a/k/a "social justice," and in believing this is possible they almost have to believe it's actually happening, at least somewhere. This is placing a greater and greater strain on credulity, even on the carefully nurtured credulity of the educated. Rare are the Orwells and Hooks who can hold an ideal even when they see little prospect of its realization. For the most part, the ad hoc, unconfessed socialists we call liberals have tried hard to believe that some big governments were doing mankind some good. But undemocratic socialism has been a total failure, and the democracies that have voted socialist have lived to regret it.

Can the faith survive experience? For some, yes. The simple souls who read *The Nation* appear to have no inner

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conflicts: when talking about Cuba, they put the word "totalitarian" in quotation marks, and Alger Hiss was framed. For *New Republic* types reality is more problematic. They are sophisticated enough to know that the ideal has to be salvaged from the wreckage of facticity. What *about* all those boat people? "Were We Wrong?" The question was posed, and in a fashion triumphantly answered, by Irving Howe and Michael Walzer, who contended last year that neither Saigon nor Hanoi deserved their backing, and that they'd been right to "hope" for the "emergence" of a "third force." Through no fault of theirs, the third force didn't emerge. The candidacy of John Anderson is made to order for such fastidious consciences as theirs, which don't want to be held responsible for anything in the real world. But the magazine is open enough to alternative views that it accompanied the Howe-Walzer essay with a withering invective against the anti-war movement and its moral affectations by Nikolai Tolstoy.

As a rule the magazine can't abuse Reagan enough: he represents that philistine temper that harbors no tenderness toward the socialist dream, no regret over its failure. Many people are aesthetic socialists long after they have ceased being active socialists: they do believe her, though they know she lies. Socialism may be bad for the body, but who cares, it is good for the soul. And if there is anyone denounced more than Reagan in *The New Republic*'s pages, it is Norman Podhoretz, the blunt apostate. (I calculate that he will be young enough to run in 1984. President Podhoretz. Has a nice ring.)

Still, the magazine ran Robert Tucker's careful, incisive essay on why he supports Reagan. Daniel Patrick Moynihan appears often, recently praising the intellectual fertility of conservatives today. Then again, Ronald Steel keeps popping up to remind us how dangerous we are. And there is always Michael Harrington to present his arresting argument that the more often we try socialism the sooner it's likely to work somewhere. Other frequent contributors are Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Alfred Kazin, and stand-bys like John Osborne and Richard (TRB) Strout. Quite a potpourri. Lots of fun. But when *TNR* finally goes conservative, as it intermittently appears about to do, it won't forgive us for having been right first. □

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The GIMLET EYE

APPRENTICING

D. KEITH MANO

"I want to act. Between my sophomore and my junior years I *finally* came to the *absolute* decision to dedicate myself to theater. I won't even consider what might happen if I don't make it." Ann Talman is 22: and you think, how can anyone that age say "final" and "absolute" in the same sentence? Ann has a lenient, slight-featured look: the face of some fur-bearing animal. Her intensity feels dissonant: like getting blackjacked by a Steif toy. But don't pull out and try to pass this one: the dotted line ends real fast. "I seem about 15 or 16, so people assume that I'm not tough. I am, though. I'm very tough."

Well, she better be. This is the Williamstown (Mass.) Theater Festival. Competition at WTF, though cordial, can turn young hearts to forcemeat. In no American town, at one July moment, has more milliampere talent been wirewound over a single core. I'll cue you from the top: Frank Langella, Laurie Kennedy (who will go from playing Roxane to her extended engagement as my wife), Christopher Reeve, Blythe Danner, Austin Pendleton, Peter Hunt, Richard Dreyfuss, Stephen Collins, Ed Hermann, Celeste Holm. With a supporting cast of more than one hundred trocar-sharp union actors, interns, apprentices, and people-somewhere-in-between. They play all the caroms at WTF; under 12-fathom pressure. As Nikos Psacharopoulous, who invented this theatrical holding company circa 1955, has said, "In our 11-week season WTF offers more performances at The Main Stage, Second Company, Cabaret, and Special Events than most companies produce in a year." His mainstage *Cyrano* is typical enough: each performance sold out, with three or four dozen people on stand-by, hoping that someone in Row M will die of phthisis before curtain time.

Apprenticing, I figure, is at least a felony. In what other profession would 15-year-old children be allowed to work from 10 A.M. through 3 A.M. the next day? "Yes, it is a form of slave labor," Bob Small told me. While directing Stage III, another WTF subdivision, Small teaches in the apprentice program. "They're our life blood. The cost of salary is the major cost of theater. But it's also an apprenticeship in the classic sense." They start with primary school at 10 A.M.: yoga, akido, theater games, trust exercises, basic technique, textual analysis, improvisation. If, that is, their time hasn't been pre-empted for costume sewing, prop finding, flat painting, whatever. Twenty-two are chosen, by physical type, as faceless crowd in *Cyrano*; those who don't have the proper 1840 look will pull flies or help to overcharge on ginger ale and coke at intermission. For this 15-hour day they *pay* a minimum wage: $1,200, room and board included. Ann Talman is fortunate: intern status will permit her to do all that work free of charge: or for a song. "I type in the office until 7 P.M. Then I prepare for the cabaret. [Held at one local restaurant or another from 11:30 to 1 A.M.: audiences are SRO—squatting room only.] Or I'll rehearse the next cabaret. Or help collate the one after that. But I would've paid to come here. I think that much of this place."

There is one and two and three upmanship at WTF. Women become unlicensed dermatologists (see, she has a wrinkle on her nose, she can't be 28). One apprentice girl will manage, through Metternichian jobbery, to oust her rival from the prestigious work of dressing and undressing Frank Langella. A male apprentice has over-embellished his bit-part battlescene death: "My God, he's harder to kill off than Rasputin," Langella remarks. Another Cadet of Gascogne will dive backfirst from the 12-foot rampart, a Method demise: until told by Langella-Cyrano that a) he might really kill himself and b), more important, he can't be seen. The mix of walk-on arrogance and ingenue enthusiasm is winsome: or oppressive. "May I ask you a dumb question?" The apprentice has Laurie cornered offstage. She nods: apprehensive. "How do you *know* when you're an actor?" "So?" I ask her. "What'd you tell him?" "Nothing. I couldn't face it, I just ran away."

THEIR EMOTION is bound and backnumbered; they are curators of feeling gone by. And that, I suspect, can turn unwholesome. Passion becomes working capital; long runs on stage spend sentiment fast. Well, suppose you had to frame a persuasive nervous breakdown every night of the week (and afternoon on matinee days). One lady told me, "I thought I'd had a terrible childhood. But I used it all—my father, my lousy boyfriends, my dead hamster. I wanted to be mugged, something. I was emotionally dried up." Ann Talman can respond to that. "My mother died the first day of my college junior year. It's funny, though. If anything, I related her death to theater." It's half self-defense; half professional economizing. Writers aren't much more scrupulous, of course. Grabbed by fear or compassion, I start outlining a Gimlet Eye. But there is risk in too expedient objectivity: the risk of flashing a press pass even at your father's death.

Listen, Ann Talman is very talented: I've seen her work. And talent helps: but not all that much. In theater, in literature, a certain presence—quite unlearnable, unrehearsed—confirms genius: style, that is. Ann may have it; she may not. One Equity actor out of 15 makes a living: by that I mean $8,000 per year counting unemployment insurance: to pay your rent is stardom already. The WTF program lists apprentice people who have gone on: lists all seven of them: seven in a quarter-century plus. I don't like the odds on Ann: any Ann here. You can see them dancing a decade from now over vacuum-cleaner roar in split-level homes. There is no *absolute*, no *final*. But their children will hear wonderfully retold bedtime stories; and they will sing them well to

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

MOST PEOPLE who study the matter are now agreed that top-down regulation as a method of dealing with our nation's ills is an idea whose time has passed. On the track record of four decades, it simply hasn't worked. Why it hasn't is another, more difficult, question, to which, however, we have in recent years been getting some cogent answers. Among the most notable of these is Thomas Sowell's *Knowledge and Decisions* (Basic Books, $18.50), which compares the workings of the market pricing mechanism with the regulatory technique of government as methods of handling information about human needs and aspirations. Sowell, a professor of economics at UCLA, argues that the market is an effective conveyor of such data, while government regulation isn't.

"Information" in this context means specific things that a person needs to know to make decisions affecting his own well-being. Deciding what to do and when involves alternative uses of time, energy, and resources—the relevant question being which among a number of options will maximize the satisfactions of the decision-maker. To answer that question requires a continuing flow of information about the relative costs of doing one thing or another, and in what proportions.

Should I, for instance, buy a house, visit Disneyland, change my job, trade in my Volvo, enter a monastery, take up the classical guitar, or plant a crop of winter wheat? Among the trade-offs that must be considered in weighing such alternative uses of time and energy are how much of one thing to do or consume as opposed to another, the impact of present decisions on the future, effects on other people, and so on. The market pricing mechanism with its continuing flow of signals permits millions of decision-makers to review a constantly shifting mix of options and resulting trade-offs, and to make a series of incremental adjustments based on the information gained.

Regulatory measures that freeze the movement of prices by imposing floors or ceilings, or other forms of intervention that obscure the true costs of a course of action as opposed to the alternatives, impede the transmission of such data. They inhibit the "feedback" that allows transactors to communicate, and thus create distortions that harm consumers rather than assisting them.

Indeed, as Sowell demonstrates, most features of political regulation are hostile to this balanced decision-making process. Those making the determination are often not affected by it themselves, one-eyed regulatory decisions are made without regard for indirect consequences, opportunity costs are ignored, the limited time-frame of the election process tends to preclude consideration of the future. Most of all, governmental decisions are usually made on an either-or basis, rather than in incremental terms that produce a mix of so much of this with so much of that.

THESE BRIEF paragraphs can hardly do justice to Sowell's work, which is at once powerful, clear, and subtle. *Knowledge and Decisions* is a brilliant book that should eventually take its place alongside the writings of Mises, Hayek, and Friedman as a defense of economic (and other) freedoms.

Addressing the market/information issue in a slightly different way is Professor Israel Kirzner's monograph *The Perils of Regulation* (Law and Economics Center, University of Miami School of Law, P.O. Box 248000, Coral Gables, Fla. 33124; $2.50). Extending Mises's critique of socialism, Professor Kirzner argues that the complete suppression of prices is not required to generate economic difficulties—that interference with or distortion of prices under partial regulation can have perverse effects as well. Such interference, he contends, will not only prevent supply and demand from coming together, but will prevent the discovery of entrepreneurial opportunities that would reveal themselves if costs and benefits were accurately reflected in the market. □

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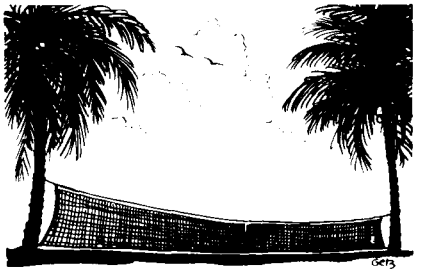

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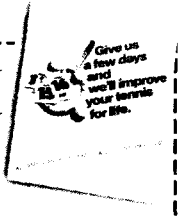

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sleep. And then mix a drink; and look out a weather-stripped window at the stars. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE WAR AGAINST PROGRESS, *by Herbert E. Meyer (Storm King, 195 pp., $11.95).* If you have ever wondered why the glassy-eyed know-nothings who populate the Fonda-Nader-Commoner axis seem to have an irrevocable license to infect the body politic with their noxious ravings, ask the young author of this important and compelling little work, who persevered through rejections by every major New York publisher. The book, now in its second printing with six thousand copies sold, is a persuasive and readable polemic that makes an eloquent plea for responsible progress—with progress defined as "the expansion of opportunity" for *everyone*—and leaves the arguments of the "no-growth" faddists in a shambles. More importantly, Mr. Meyer, an associate editor of *Fortune*, shines a harsh light on the enemies of scientific, technological, industrial, and economic expansion and exposes them for the smug elitists they are—the trendy, affluent fat-cats who see the admitted inconveniences associated with the expansion of opportunity for the working and lower classes as an encroachment on their comfortable lives. The book is short; in places, too short for the ground it tries to cover. But Mr. Meyer has succeeded in providing us with an order-of-battle for one of the acute social struggles of the Eighties. A nice Christmas gift for the ecofreak on your list who already has everything.

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

THOSE GASOLINE LINES AND HOW THEY GOT THERE, *by H. A. Merklein and William P. Murchison Jr. (Fisher Institute, 129 pp., $5.95 paperback).* Eight years ago George Will wrote a devastating article for *NR* demonstrating that the Federal Government has a consistent knack for ruining nearly every economic enterprise it seeks to promote. Messrs. Merklein and Murchison corroborate the Will thesis by isolating one recent federal fiasco, which has brought this nation of abounding energy reserves to its collective knees within just a few decades. Citing yet another abomination of the Warren Court, the authors trace the thicket of governmental regulatory vines to a 1954 decision which gave legislators control over natural gas producers. Gradually the flow of the marketplace was choked by the heavy hand of managers. Depletion allowances were cashiered in favor of ecological priorities. Drilling decreased, and price controls were slapped on domestic production. The 1973 embargo hastened a maze of debilitating regulations, followed by Washington's promotion of OPEC. The U.S. oil industry has been hounded by this unrelenting onslaught into the position of defending a fair rate of return on investment. We now have a Department of Energy (with a yearly budget totaling half of the after-tax profits of all the major oil companies combined) which produces nothing, save confusion in the allocation of our dwindling resources. Meanwhile the price of gasoline has quadrupled, simian sheiks gleefully gouge the world market, and Jimmy Carter assails domestic windfall profits. Need liberals wonder why their dream has died?

ALAN L. MILLER

BEST EDITORIAL CARTOONS OF THE YEAR, *1980 Edition, edited by Charles Brooks (Pelican, 160 pp., $11.95 hardcover; $5.95 paperback).* Last year's collection of *Best Editorial Cartoons*—it would be more accurately described as best *newspaper* cartoons—was confiscated at the Moscow International Book Fair because it was "dangerous to Marxist ideology." That's not entirely the reason. A successful cartoonist is an iconoclast: ridicule is his weapon, authority his target. And this, no authoritarian regime can abide. Humor is a grand leveler. Tom Dewey never got off that wedding cake; Richard Nixon was never clean-shaven after Herblock. Kennedy, Carter, the Ayatollah Khomeini, Reagan, Anderson, Chrysler, and The Killer Rabbit get a royal going-over in this spicy collection. *Best Editorial Cartoons* is funny, and mean, and marvelously inventive. Its one failing is that when you group a dozen or more cartoons by subject matter, as Mr. Brooks has chosen to do, the individual cartoon loses some of its bite. What surprises is the number of fresh faces, and where they come from. You'll find these cartoonists on the editorial pages of newspapers in the smaller cities: towns like Cincinnati, Toledo, Augusta, Omaha, San Diego, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Wilmington, Charlotte. The great Jeff MacNelly's home base is the *Richmond News-Leader*; other up-and-coming cartoonists like Bill DeOre, Jim Bogman, Tom Curtis, Bob Gorell, Dick Wright, Clyde Wells (all regulars on *NR*'s cartoon page), and dozens of others come from what used to be called the boondocks. You won't find some of the old stand-bys in this collection: Jules Feiffer (who lost his bite as he became radicalized), or Bill Mauldin, or even Oliphant (a misjudgment on the editor's part, in my opinion; like him or loathe him, Oliphant is one of the best). The trend among cartoonists, if these are indeed the best in the land, is clearly to the right. How else account for Mr. Brooks's omission of that granddaddy of liberalism, the *Washington Post*'s Herb Block, while including three cartoons by Bill Loeb's cartoonist hatchetman, the very talented Jim Dobbins of the *Manchester Union-Leader*?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE BOAT AND THE TOWN, *by Geoffrey Moorhouse (Little, Brown, 275 pp., $10.95).* If their work is as dull as this book, lobster fishermen deserve more money, or at least our sympathy. Moorhouse, a former *Guardian* feature writer, spent time with crews from several New England ports, then, changing names and spinning tales to suit his purpose, lumped his experiences into a story of an all-encompassing Boat and its Town. The capital letters seem to point to profound revelations. There aren't any. In fact, in places the book reads like a thinly disguised Encyclopedia of the Deep, so thick is the nautical and statistical detail. Elsewhere Moorhouse goes melodramatic and, as if that weren't enough, sociological; and the homely subjects gets lost along the way. The book is organized by seasons, beginning with summer, each section working up to some crisis of the fishing trade. The hot months see fog, a broken radar, and near-collision. Fall's hurricane tosses the Boat like a cork. In winter, somebody slides off deck and nearly drowns in the icy water. In spring, a snapped cable cuts up a pilot house and the man in it. In an effort to make the incidents hang together, Moorhouse throws in fishermen's personal crises as well. But these, even more than the sea stories, seem contrived. Young Jonathan proves he's a man by bedding Ellen, a florist's clerk, and shacking up. Full of fear for her boyfriend in a storm, Ellen seeks solace from the motherly wife of another lobsterman. The strapping fisherman Yank, made a loner by the sea, finds companionship with strippers from Boston's "Combat Zone." Padding, padding. Lobster fishing is lean; this book is fat. Somebody at Little, Brown wanted 275 pages instead of 150, and damn the boredom. Moorhouse delivered.

PAUL T. HORNAK

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BRIDGES
(Continued from page 1267)

ican," but that he will not trouble to hide his resentment when the United States seems not to be living up to its professed friendship.

I think it is worth quoting in full his answer to a question about what type of democracy he thought would be best for Korea:

> You must remember that I am not a major in political philosophy. However, if you'll allow me to express my own *personal* views, I am not aware that there are different kinds of democracy. You talk about democracy in America, democracy in Europe, democracy in Japan. What are we examining? It's not really different kinds of democracy but democratic principles applied under different cultural, economic, strategic, and historical circumstances. The principles are the same, but the methods will be different. I see democracy in Korea as a "democracy at war," in a country which is confronting a very real threat and struggling to survive.

In his inaugural address last month, Chun promised that the new constitution would be ready for submission to the people for referendum in October, and that martial law would be lifted and elections held within the first half of next year. As of now, the draft constitution still contains several provisions that various analysts had expected to be deleted, including redress of grievances, partial separation of powers, and a limit on the president's term of office.

But for the time being, a great deal of his country's fate depends on Chun himself. He seems to have all the military virtues: courage, clear-headedness, decisiveness. Does he also have the ability, probably essential to a national leader who must forge a consensus out of widely divergent opinions, to enter imaginatively into views he himself does not hold, so as to understand their motives and judge their merits fairly? Let's hope so. If such a consensus is not forged, there will be, at best, a return to the same uneasy seesaw of turbulence and truce that plagued the last years of Park's reign. Half of a divided country cannot afford to be divided within. □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

DAVID R. GODINE:

The Postal Service

If [the United States Postal Service] were run as a business, subject to the same rules as all other free enterprise, it would have expired long ago like some antediluvian reptile, crushed by the weight of its own inertia and incompetence. (The actual quotation begins: "If it were run . . .")

Errata: Four squares in the September 19 puzzle were mislabeled. They should have read: 62Q, 74U, 154Z, 182Q. Under "Definitions," the third letter in word "F" should have been labeled 183 rather than 193. The answer to "L," "Roundhouse," appears as "Roundhoose."

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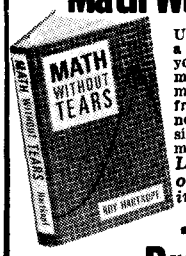

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Oh My God

On The Right

New York, Sept. 24—President Carter's in trouble, he knows it, Walter Cronkite knows it, I know it, and who's left? The *Washington Post*? "[Carter has renewed his] memorable record of personally savaging political opponents." Was the *Post* trying to out-point the *Washington Star* in a contest of sensibilities? The *Star*: it was a "squalid exercise in church."

What Mr. Carter had done, no less, was to imply from a pulpit that Ronald Reagan is waging a campaign of racism and of hatred. The Reverend Martin Luther King Sr. looked on soulfully, as well he might. There are still some people who trust President Carter, and if it were true that the man who opposes him and will probably win the Presidency believes in stirring up hatred and racism, then there is every reason to be melancholy. Not everybody knows the troubles Dr. King has seen, but he knows. His wife, and his son, were murdered by haters. What can you do if you hate hatred in this world? Vote Carter/Mondale on November 4. Happy days are here again. That, obviously, is Carter's message, and his efforts to wriggle out of the implications of what he is saying didn't work, and the press made that abundantly clear the next day at the highly unpresidential presidential press conference.

WHILE MR. CARTER was assuring the newsmen that he did not intend to imply that Reagan was a racist or a hater, the junior hit-man in the campaign, Vice President Walter Mondale, was telling a crowd that the fact of the matter is that Ronald Reagan had opposed the Civil Rights Act of 1964—renewing an insinuation that Reagan was less than alert to civil rights.

One might as well dispose of this question. In 1964, a number of serious men who had not a trace of affiliation with racial prejudice opposed the Civil Rights Act because they thought it unconstitutional. To reason from opposition to a particular act, to opposition to the purposes that act is conceived to promote, is to reason as a child, or as a desperate politician. The American Civil Liberties Union opposed the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968. Would that have entitled Ronald Reagan to charge that the American Civil Liberties Union favored crime? If Reagan is to be held responsible for his opposition to the 1964 bill, what are we supposed to say about Jimmy Carter, who in 1964 voted in the Georgia senate in favor of a bill designed to blunt a desegregation order of the court? Or the Jimmy Carter who, as a member of a Georgia school board, voted to raise white teachers' salaries but not black teachers'? Who in 1970 praised Lester Maddox, the gentleman who wanted to drive blacks out of his restaurant with a pick handle? I do not believe that Jimmy Carter is a racist. But his recent behavior raises the reasonable question: If today it were proven that to be as friendly to racism as in the past he was to George Wallace would get him back in the White House, is that what he would do?

One wonders, along with the *Washington Post*, whether Mr. Carter *knows* what it is to fight clean. Listen hard to his answer to the last question at the press conference, which he thereupon left in a quivering rage . . .

"What happened was that the Ku Klux Klan endorsed Governor Reagan"—Comment: "the" KKK didn't, a single unit of it did, which could mean as few as three or four people—*"and stated that the Republican Convention could have been written by a Klansman"*—he meant the Republican Platform (one doesn't write conventions)—*"Governor Reagan subsequently rejected—wisely and properly—any endorsement by the Ku Klux Klan. That was what injected the Klan into the presidential race."*

Now, do you get the resonances of all that? Consider how a sincere man might have put it:

The Ku Klux Klan unit that endorsed Mr. Reagan was engaging in an act of political terrorism, as meaningless as if the Communist Party had endorsed me. A Klansman saying that the Republican Platform could have been written by a Klansman simply proves that that Klansman can't read, which doesn't surprise me: because whatever my differences with it, there isn't one line in the Republican Platform that could give any aid and comfort to the activity of an organization despised by Mr. Reagan as ardently as by me. I take the occasion publicly to apologize for a member of my Cabinet, Patricia Harris, who first introduced into the public discourse the very mention of the KKK.

That's all. □

REAGAN VS. ANDERSON

New York, Sept. 26—The Reagan-Anderson exchange was quintessentially an evening of *Hamlet* without the Prince, and on the whole Carter got away with it with little loss of blood. It is reported that Mr. Reagan yielded to the advice of those of his counselors who urged him to be good-natured about Carter's absence, and perhaps they were right. It is difficult to box with an opponent who isn't there, when there is a third presence in the room who is jabbing away. An awful distraction, which is the best way of describing John Anderson.

Only one question brought answers sufficiently interesting to survive the evening, and that was the one about the role of religion in politics. Ten days earlier, Cardinal Medeiros of Boston had issued a letter to his parishioners advising them that their obligation to oppose abortion was more than merely platonic in nature. If you oppose abortion, which you should, said the Cardinal, then you must support candidates who join you in opposing abortion. The contumacious voters of Boston proceeded, with rather unusual vigor, to vote for the two candidates who were the most conspicuous, though unnamed, targets of the Cardinal's letter.

Ronald Reagan's answer began by reminding the questioner of the obvious, namely that you can't go around telling ministers, priests, or rabbis that they have to keep their mouths shut when their own conscience tells them to speak. He then went on to say that he didn't believe in one-issue politics, but that what his own feelings on the matter were, are hardly determining. If a minister believes that a single question is of such over-arching moral importance as to qualify one candidate or disqualify another, then that minister has the same right to propose—as his parishioners retain to dispose.

Then Reagan closed in on the abortion

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issue, acknowledging that this question was certainly not trivial. I.e., if one is genuinely convinced that abortion involves the killing of a human being, then obviously it is a question of crucial moral significance. He then brought forth the only memorable line of the evening, namely that abortion is advocated only by persons who have themselves been born.

John Anderson's response was a most awful gallimaufry of clichés and invention, wherein he promulgated a brand new human right, one not even listed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which is very nearly encyclopedic in the matter. This is the right of the "unborn child to be wanted." One had to close one's eyes to reflect on this. Does that mean that a *born* child *doesn't* have the right to be wanted? Or does this mean that if a child isn't wanted, it is wrong not to abort that child? Suppose that the mother wants a little boy, but ascertains, a month or two before the scheduled birth, that she is carrying in her womb a little girl. Does she ratify the right of that little girl by killing her? Politics is a breeding ground for mutational utterances, but it will be many seasons before one learns something more sensational than that in aborting a child one is engaged in discharging that child's right.

MR. ANDERSON has a positive way of putting things, and evidently lost somewhere in childhood any capacity to entertain ambiguity. If he had himself been Hamlet, he'd have committed suicide in the first act, never mind all that tormented thought. For the first 184 years of the Republic, the people, the Congress, and the courts believed that it was the responsibility of the states to govern the question of abortion. "For the state to tell a woman that she must carry that pregnancy to term regardless of her personal beliefs, that I think violates freedom of conscience as much as anything I can think of." This is a commentary on how many things Mr. Anderson can think of. It is extraordinary, if such an "interference" is so egregious an act, that Mr. Anderson didn't spend every waking moment before the Supreme Court reversal of 1973 disputing the anti-abortion laws. But he was silent in the matter, suggesting that his own conscience is formed by whatever is yesterday's crotchet of the Supreme Court, so maybe we should vote for the Supreme Court for President, and economize on the middle man?

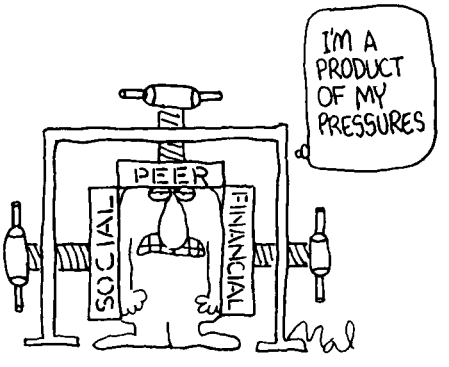
Poor Mr. Anderson, how he does get carried away. He thinks that Cardinal Medeiros shouldn't address his parishioners on how to vote because that is to violate the principle of separation of church and state. But not long ago Cardinal Medeiros was telling his parishioners that they should comply with court orders backing integrated schools. Was he violating church and state on that occasion? Interference by church with state is most handily defined as when a churchman imparts to his parishioners something that affronts the liberal orthodoxy. Right? Right. □

ARE YOU HONEST? HOW CAN WE TELL?

New York, Sept. 30—Christopher Dodd of Connecticut is running for the Senate seat vacated by Abraham Ribicoff, and this he has every right to do. He has, however, elected to run for office not so much by defending his sky-high ADA record (Mr. Dodd is a profligate spender of other people's money, and is as unconcerned over the galloping pace of Soviet armament as Christopher Robin). Rather, by suggesting that his opponent is not qualified to represent the people of Connecticut in the Senate because he owns oil royalties. "Mr. Buckley alone will know whether his vote represents the interests of the oil companies or the people of Connecticut."

The Buckley in question, and I, have a great deal in common, including a whole set of political convictions, several oil royalties, and identical parents. But the point raised by Christopher Dodd is raised as publicly relevant, and as such is worth devoting this space to; even as, not so many years ago, I thought it worthwhile to devote a total of seven columns to defending Christopher Dodd's father against charges of financial defalcation, which resulted in a Senate censure and the loss of his office. I continue to believe that Senator Dodd was unfairly dealt with, and that his son, in hot pursuit of office, now challenges the honor of his opponent in ways incompatible with the democratic presumptions on which his own father relied.

Mr. Dodd began by insisting that Senator Buckley reveal his income tax returns for the preceding year. There is no requirement in the law, or in practice, for such ecdysiasm, but Mr. Dodd's lascivious curiosity was insatiable, so, rather than argue about it for the rest of the campaign, Mr. Buckley gave out copies of his tax returns, resulting in a hefty story in the *New York Times*.



One learns that James Buckley, in 1978, received $85,000 in oil royalties. His earned income was $122,000. Before his election to the Senate in 1970, Mr. Buckley had worked as an oil executive for twenty years after leaving the practice of law. If he had worked as a New York City garbage collector for twenty years his annuity would have been about one-third what he made in oil; if a civil servant, about one-half; if a judge, about two-thirds. So, success as an oil executive, and good fortune as the son of an oil pioneer, means an income. It is so of any profession, and Mr. Dodd, himself a lawyer, should know that.

BUT IS IT different—if that income derives from the sale of energy? Congress, it is true, has recently been asked to pass laws having to do with energy. But Congress passes laws that regulate virtually every activity. The passion these days is to federalize the making of policy, and indeed Mr. Dodd, like his hero Senator Kennedy, wishes to nationalize health: is no one who practices medicine then qualified to run for Congress? What about Senator Kennedy? His portfolio includes shares in oil companies. How come Nelson Rockefeller was confirmed as Vice President of the United States? His fortune reputedly was related to oil. Is oil executive George Bush disqualified for office? Why are lawyers to be trusted? Won't they, in Congress, conspire to grant the bar associations the right to keep down the supply of lawyers, the better to enhance their prospects? What about newspaper editors? Mightn't their desire for total freedom of the press affect their judgment, when confronted with such policy questions as were raised by the Pentagon Papers?

Whenever the sainted junior senator from New York confronted a problem that taxed his conscience, he absented himself from the vote. In the matter of price controls, his policy is identical whether the product is oil, bread, molybdenum, or cheesecake: don't try to regulate prices. All that does is create shortages. Mr. Dodd, in pursuit of a Senate seat, is laying down criteria that if pursued to their logical conclusion would keep from the Senate any man of achievement, which would indeed make the chamber more congenial to Mr. Dodd, who would then be surrounded by his peers. □

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Number of deep wells drilled in U.S.

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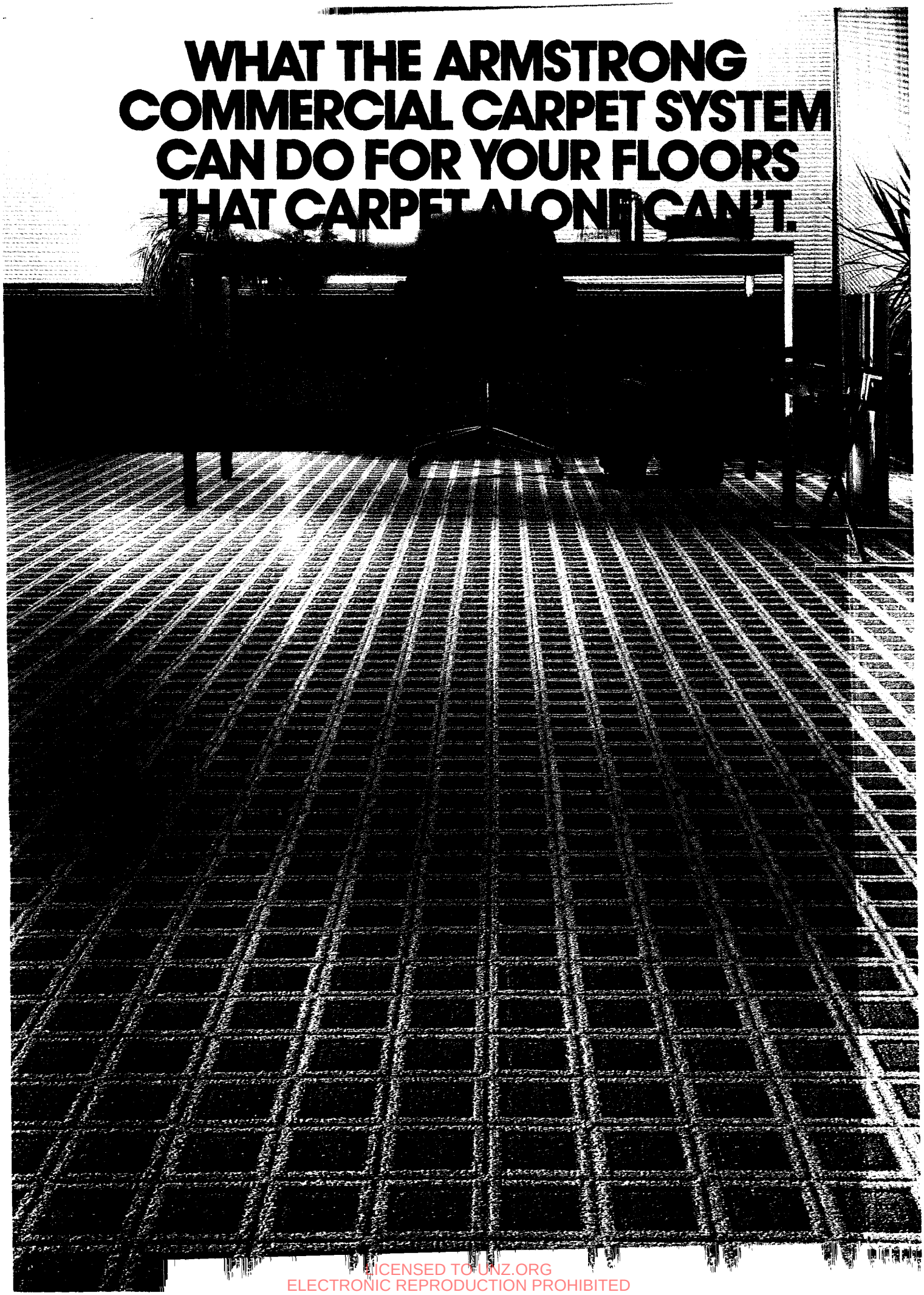

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